

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1867, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 612—Vol. XXV.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1868.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS \$1 00]

Mexico—Hegira of the Ministers.

We have, on the whole, good news from Mexico. There are some irregularities, such as assassinations and robberies, chiefly robberies, perpetrated of course by disbanded Imperialists and outlaws; but otherwise affairs are in an endurable condition—better, we fancy, than in some of our Southern States. At least we have not as yet heard of two judges being shot in a single week. Still, the country may aspire to that pleasant average, under the influence of our wholesome example.

We suppose Great Britain conceives she has done what vulgar people call a "big thing." She has withdrawn her Legation from Mexico! Yes, the Ambassador has gone, the Secretary has gone, and the *attachés* have all gone, and even John Thomas and his marvelous calves, they have gone! And yet Popocatepetl has neither groaned nor thundered! Citlaltépetl looks as white and serene as ever. But, the British Minister has gone! Woe! woe! woe!

We believe, in fact, all the Ministers Plenipotentiary, Ministers Resident and *Chargés* have gone! Our excellent Mr. Plumb, it is true, remains, "solitary and alone," to look after the valuable collection of Congressional documents and Patent Office Reports, with which a paternal and profuse Government endows its Legations, and lightens the leisure hours of its Ministers. But Mr. Plumb, after



PATRICK GRENNAN, AN INSANE POLICEMAN, SHOOTING AT THE BARKEEPER AND MRS. BEAUDELL IN THE SALOON, NO. 1 FIRST AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

all, is not what he ought to be, a full-fledged Minister. He lives in a sort of Diplomatic Limbo—perhaps because it is a question

whether he should be Minister of the United States in Mexico, or Minister of Mexico in the United States:

"How happy he might be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

But seriously, we can think of but one greater piece of good fortune to Mexico than that of having the European Ministers utterly "absquatulate" and "skedaddle," and that is, that Mexico herself will refrain from sending Ministers to Europe.

In the first place, she gets rid of a lot of pretentious, intriguing, and impudent fellows, who are eternally "having the honor to be" about all sorts of idle things, threatening one day and flattering the next, and who, in every Spanish American capital, are simply intolerable nuisances.

And in the second place, she will have none of her sons in Europe as Ministers to contract the habits and imbibe the corruptions of courts, and to return home with their heads full of nonsense and conceit, and their breasts covered with ribbons and trumpery tinsel crosses, to gabble of the glories of monarchical institutions, and to intrigue and conspire in the interests of a system alien to their people, and under which they could never have risen themselves to high social dignity than that of lackey, to greater civil distinction than that of *alguazil*, nor higher rank in the army than that of corporal. One of the great weaknesses of Spanish-American character is its vanity, its love of gaud and glitter, and pomp and circumstance, and blaze, and gaslight, and fireworks, and all the idle show and empty din with which monarchs seek to dazzle and divert the multitude. Does any one suppose that Miramon



AN INSANE POLICEMAN CLUBBING AND SHOOTING PETER HINSERMAN, AN UNOFFENDING CITIZEN, ON NEW YEAR'S NIGHT, IN FRONT OF NO. 1 FIRST AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 275.

and others would have been half the traitors they were, had they not been blinded like moths by the theatrical displays of European courts, and hoped to become one of the tawdry, spangled figures which to their dazed eyes appeared to be beings from another sphere? Look at Flores, Pezet, and a hundred other men who betrayed their respective countries, and you will find that they date their fall from the period they began to accept the cheap flattery of governments who found it easy to debauch them through their weakness and vanity. They all carried with them when they returned home a basket full of decorations, each one of which they valued more than the love and respect of their countrymen, or the honor or glory of their country.

Hence we rejoice that Europe has no Ambassador in Mexico, and that Mexico has none in Europe. *Tant mieux!* So may it continue to be, on moral grounds. And then, it saves the expense of a very useless and demoralizing establishment. And when the telegraph goes into operation between the city of Mexico and Washington—in the name of all the gods at once, what will then be the use of keeping up missions in either capital?

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 11, 1868.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Special Notice.

We shall be happy to enter into negotiations with any author of established reputation, whose engagements will permit, for a Continued Story for THE CHIMNEY CORNER. The highest price will be paid. Decision promptly given.

Easy Prevention of Railway "Accidents."

THE recent railway disasters have lacked no element of horror that human imagination can conceive, and if they fail to startle the indifference and rouse the attention of the public, then we may well despair of all amelioration and reform in the management of our public conveyances. Already, with the crushed and charred remains of sixty victims scarcely hidden from our shuddering gaze, the terrible slaughter at Angola is regarded only as a shocking dream, and the smoking, rattling, badly-coupled, under-manned trains thunder on over make-shift, slovenly tracks, as recklessly as before. Terrible and repulsive as the spectacle might be, we almost regret that the burned, blackened, shapeless corpses, with the sickening odors that overpowered the visitors to the ghastly show in the railway depot in Buffalo, could not be distributed over the country to stir up public opinion to the point where reform in our railway system would be demanded as the only alternative against popular vengeance.

Hardly a so-called accident or "disaster" has occurred during the past year which could not have been prevented by precautions so obvious that the neglect to take them should be indictable as a criminal offense, and condignly punished.

Several "accidents" have occurred from the breaking of the flange of the wheel. A simple remedy is to have the car wheels with double flanges, which, if they would not entirely obviate the chances of such accidents, would reduce them to a minimum.

The breaking of a wheel now involves a "catastrophe" more or less frightful. Add a third wheel to each truck, so that it would be supported in place, even if one wheel should fail, and danger from this source would become next to impossible.

Cars are often swung off the track through loose and "ramshackle" coupling, and are always strained and weakened by the succession of sudden jerks that are now inseparable on starting a train. In England, cars are coupled together with powerful compression, and are consequently free from the annoyances and dangers of oscillation, even when at the highest rates of speed. To bad coupling may be attributed a large part, if not the greater part, of the "inexplicable accidents" of rear cars swung off the track and down embankments, with which the public is constant shocked.

Deficient or badly contrived breakage is another fruitful cause of disasters—the more criminal, since nothing but a wicked parsimony, or wanton disregard of decent precaution, can make danger from this cause possible. In the Angola slaughter, the train ran 2,504 feet, or nearly half a mile, with the wheels off the track, before it could be stopped. With proper brakes, under perfectly feasible control, it could have been and ought to have been stopped within two hundred feet. Every railway traveler has often noticed how long the brakemen are in getting to their posts when the whistle "down brakes" is

sounded. When approaching stations the men, knowing the fact, are generally at their places; but let the whistle sound at other times, ten to one if they will not be found cleaning lamps, feeding fires, or "loafing" in the baggage-car. The brakes should be under the immediate control of the engineer and conductor, and sufficiently powerful to stop a train while running its own length.

Accidents from defects of track, if they cannot be wholly avoided, may be made so few as scarcely ever to be heard of, by making substantial, well-ballasted road-beds, constantly replacing defective sleepers, and by putting down rails of sufficient weight.

Accidents from inattention and carelessness may be wholly obviated by employing good, sober, well-paid men in all positions where human life can be involved. We lay special stress on well-paid, for good men cannot be had in this country for the wages paid to raw Paddies and green Dutchmen.

And, finally, we come to fire. The system of heating practiced in our cars is a clear invention of the devil, conjoined with all that is possible in the way of human ignorance and stupidity. Apart from discomfort and danger to health, and the certainty of colds, coughs, catarrhs and consumptions, resulting from the rapidly alternating temperatures of cars warmed like ours, in which the passengers are one moment suffocated with the heat, and the next chilled by boreal blasts sweeping through from one open door to the other, we have the absolute certainty of the car taking fire, if for any reason it should be overturned, or if from any shock the red-hot stoves themselves should be upset, pouring their flaming brands and cinders among the tinders of women's dresses. Conceive if you can, the agonies of the forty or fifty poor maimed, struggling wretches at Angola, among whom were poured the contents of two blazing furnaces! Or, of the four sisters and the brave man who lost his life in trying to rescue them, in the murderous affair at Cincinnati!

Now there is not a rational traveler, not a human being having the slightest regard for the simplest laws of health, nor yet for personal comfort, who would not prefer to travel in a car which it is not attempted to heat at all, than in the long ovens that we are now compelled to seethe and broil in—with the happy Dantean alternative of thermometrical zero at every stopping place where passengers enter or depart. But this is not necessary. In European cars, flat copper receptacles of hot water are introduced beneath the feet of voyagers at certain intervals, which, covered with mats, retain the heat for hours, and take off the frosty edge of the air, so that with ordinary wrappings no one need suffer from the cold. This is a somewhat round-about process, for which the escape steam from the engine might be very easily and economically substituted, with advantage to health and immunity from the horrible dangers incident to our present way of doing things.

With the changes and precautions we have suggested, it is not too much to say that the annual loss of life and limb on our railways would not reach one-tenth what it now is. Surely the cost of these reforms cannot for a moment be counted against their obvious advantages.

THE newspaper of great moral and geographical ideas (Silas Wegg, a literary man, with a wooden leg), is never tired of astonishing its readers. It said the other day, for instance, "The Chinese, comparatively speaking, are our neighbors; for they are much nearer to us than any of the other great commercial nations. The Pacific Ocean is wide, it is true, wider than the Atlantic; but our steamship communication with China brings that country almost as near to us as Europe." In other words, China is nearer to us than Europe, that is, it would be, if the Pacific were not wider than the Atlantic. Our steamboat communication with China is closer than with Europe, that is, it would be if, instead of one steamer a month to China and one a day to Europe, we had one a day to China and one a month to Europe. What interesting discoveries! The *Herald* thinks too that we ought to supply China with all the manufactures she requires, but Senator Sprague declares, and he ought to know, that there is not one single article we can produce or manufacture that some other nation cannot produce or manufacture cheaper than we can. No wonder that the *Herald* writes sadly on the end of the world, while the *World* amuses its readers with writing on the end of the *Herald*.

We congratulate our readers upon a long-needed reform in the sales of postage stamps having been introduced by our postmaster. We, at least, have, in times past, done our duty in urging this measure upon the authorities, and though long waited for, it is better late than never. Postage stamps will hereafter be sold by druggists, stationers, and at other retail shops, the inducement being a small discount allowed on the price of the stamps to those who purchase them for the purpose of reselling. To those who have felt the excessive annoyance of having to travel for miles in order to procure a single stamp, this will prove a real boon.

We observe that in one of our City Courts, where certain parties have been brought up for

cruelty to animals in exposing cattle to the Arctic blasts of last week's storm, in an open lot, with rocks to stand on and no shelter, testimony is produced in abundance to prove that farmers in the country habitually expose their cattle in this way in winter. It is not surprising, perhaps, that witnesses can be found to give such testimony; but one wonders where the judges and jurymen who listen to it patiently can have been brought up. They ought to be apprenticed to a first-class farmer for a winter or two; they would be better qualified for trying such cases than they are now.

THE Georgia and Louisiana Constitutional Conventions have resolved to support Chief Justice Chase for the next Presidency.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, is not, we believe, suspected of being a "Radical," or a "Puritan," but a man who having fought for "the Lost Cause" to the end, accepted the results of the war, and determined to accommodate himself to the altered conditions which the war brought about. In a recent speech, he calls on the people of South Carolina to recognize the political rights of the blacks as they have already recognized their freedom. He says that for his own part he is "perfectly willing to see a constitution adopted by the State conferring the elective franchise on the negro, on precisely the same terms as is exercised by the white man, guarding against the abuse of this privilege by a slight educational and property qualification for all classes." The General, however, knows very well that the "mean whites" of the South will not give up the ballot because they are poor and ignorant; and he knows, as every man not a born fool must know, that the negro, having been invested with the suffrage, will not surrender it. People, white nor black, never "go back" in such matters.

CAN any policy be more absurd than that of keeping \$100,000,000 in gold locked up in the National Treasury, over and above the amount necessary to pay coin interest? In the first place, its sale would cancel over \$130,000,000 obligations on which we are now paying interest; and in the second place, while it is so held we obtain no interest on it. We are thus burning the candle at both ends. Again, if sold, it would reduce the premium on gold, and thus approximate greenbacks to coin at least ten per cent, and thus increase the value of the former now in circulation by at least \$40,000,000. When the Secretary kept selling his gold not wanted for coin interest so that he had but \$36,000,000 in the Treasury, the premium stood at 28. When he had \$130,000,000, the premium rose to 45. Now that he has reduced it somewhat, the premium is reduced proportionately. Resumption is the very best way to secure the gold needed for our coin interest.

THE revolutionary tendencies in England, to which we had lately occasion to allude, are creating every day deeper alarm. A writer in the *Pall-Mall Gazette* tells us: "It is a lamentable fact that no estate of the realm any longer inspires respect and attachment. We have long ago settled that revolutions can only occur abroad. So Indian officers, twenty-four hours before they were shot by their Sepoys, knew perfectly well that their men would never mutiny. The hourly approaching struggle between fusian jacket and broadcloth will, I believe, bring about a rude awakening. Again, I ask is there a statesman or a public body of any sort, to whom you and I and order-loving citizens generally would rally in case of social upheaving? Long ago it was said that our state was anarchy plus the street constable. The latter, as you know, is getting knocked on the head every night, amid the vociferous approval of many."

At the opening, December 17th, of the United States District and Circuit Courts for Northern Florida, seventeen colored men and six whites were drawn on the Grand Jury. Although drawn promiscuously from the registered voters of three counties, fourteen out of the seventeen colored men could read, and six could both read and write. Judge Fraser complimented the Grand Jury as the most attentive, intelligent, and industrious body of persons which had been assembled in many years. The foreman reported that he had sat upon no jury distinguished for better order and decorum in the jury-room, or who better realized the responsibility of their duties.

It seems incredible, in view of the obvious advantages of a coinage of common value—whatever the designation—the great nations of Europe and America have not already come to an understanding on the subject, especially since intercommunication has become so great, and commerce so extended. It is the more incredible since the change would be trifling. Take the French five franc gold piece as a standard, and let it represent unity. Now, to make the dollar—which is the universal unit in America—coincide with this, it would only be necessary to reduce the value of the dollar three and a half cents, and the English pound would only require to be reduced four cents, to make it equal to twenty-five francs, or five dollars. Four shillings would then be precisely one dollar. Although this would be an apparent concession to the French system, it would, in fact, be coming to the dollar unit, a unit of value, not only recognized throughout America, but under different names in Spain, Portugal and Italy, and their possessions throughout the East. This plan is that recommended by the late monetary conference in Paris.

THE intervention of Louis Napoleon in Italy, what has come of it? In the first place, he is a loser, for he has surrendered the place it was his pretension to hold in the van of all human pro-

gress and advancement; and to give a few more years to a system he has himself condemned. He has outraged the sentiments of France, and forfeited the love and gratitude of Italy. Meanwhile there is joy at Berlin, and pleasant congratulations are exchanged "unter die Linden." The French Emperor has done for M. Bismarck what all his craft and skill could never have accomplished. He has outraged the whole Liberal sentiment of Europe, and surrendered to Prussia the vantage-ground for which France paid by two bloody campaigns and some milliards of debt; and the only recompense for all this is, the sneers of the Legitimists and the hate of Italy.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, famous among boys for his books of adventure, and who has recently received much sympathy on account of his bankruptcy and his unsuccessful attempt to establish the *Little Times* as a daily London paper, has returned home, and taken a house in Newport, R. I., where he purposes applying himself to literary work. We understand that he has arranged with Mr. John W. Forney to contribute to the *Philadelphia Press* articles on English politics and parties.

THE prospects of Italy, under the double influence of French hostility and the ignorance and poverty of her people, are gloomy indeed. "One-third of our population," said the late Marquis D'Azeglio, "wear polished boots; another third have no boots to wear; the rest are Troglodytes—earth-burrowers." Her King is only a *beau sabreur* at best; she has not a single statesman competent to direct her foreign and internal affairs; not a single general that has won a battle; not a man that can grapple with her finances. Her condition is little better than that of the wretched South American Republics. But she has the spirit to hate France, and boldness to say so.

HAS Mr. Jencks provided for a course of gymnastics in his Civil Service bill? It would seem to be necessary if we would open successful diplomatic relations with Oriental potentates. Recently the British Viceroy in India sent Colonel Fytche to the King of Burmah as ambassador, but the colonel could not be received until he had performed *kou-tou*, or abasement. It was on the 11th of October last, and the colonel was attended to the palace with much military display. At the entrance, however, he was made to take off his boots and walk through the muddy court in his stockings. Arrived in the royal presence, he had to squat so as to hide his feet, and make a prostration, or perform *kou-tou*. Now this performance, except to a juggler or the India-rubber men of the circus, is almost impossible. But, after all, this ceremony, though more humiliating, according to our ideas, is scarcely more absurd than that required on presentation to her Britannic Majesty. You are not made to go barefoot, but you must take off your trousers up to the knees, wear a wig, get tripped up with a useless sword, and be dressed altogether as if you were going to play in an old comedy. That is *kou-tou* translated into English.

THE Queen of Great Britain has formally granted to the University of London a supplementary charter, which confers on its officers the power of admitting women to certain examinations, and of conferring upon them certificates of proficiency in certain specified subjects. The examinations which are to take place in virtue of this charter are for women only. A special provision is that "no male person shall be admitted as a candidate to any such examination." The subjects on which the examinations are to be held are to be those of "Literature, Science, and Art." To successful candidates certificates of proficiency will be granted under the seal of the University of London. After the examinations the names of the successful candidates are to be declared, together with particulars of the qualifications which they have displayed for enabling them to receive these certificates. The charter provides for the payment of reasonable fees by the candidates in respect of the examination; and it orders that no examiner shall be eligible for re-election more than four years consecutively. We doubt if our strong-minded women, and the advocates for women's rights in this country, male or female, would be satisfied with this concession. They would probably ask "Why should not the examinations be open on equal terms to men and women?" For our part we do not believe in half measures.

VARIA.

OUR foreign exchanges once more announce the approaching marriage of Mlle. Adeline Patti, the charming prima donna. This time the name of the Marquis de Caux, an officer of the Imperial household of France, is used in this connection.

The form of government of Japan has for a long time been unchanged, and in that eminently conservative country it seemed as though the laws were as those of the Medes and Persians, which alter not. Owing to some powerful reasons which have not yet transpired, the Tycoon has been divested of all his power, and the executive reins have passed into the hands of the Mikado or spiritual ruler of Japan, assisted, of course, by the Chamber of Daimios.

General Robert Bruce Van Valkenburgh, of Bath, N. Y., now our Minister to Japan, was married there on the 28th of November to Mrs. Schayer, widow of the late Raphael Schayer, of New York.

A. H. Stephens, the ex-Vice-President of the so-called Confederacy, announces that he has as yet made no engagements to speak through the North, so the announcements of his appearance are premature.

The latest development of the Weston lever: for \$1,000, a returned volunteer warrior that he will walk seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours, carrying a musket, knapsack and other accoutrements, at the Dexter Park, Chicago.

The citizens of Belfast, Maine, are agitating the question of bridging the Passagawamuskeag River; but

do not seem to think that the name needs a-bridging as well as the river.

Appropos of Dickens and his readings, the report that he is to read at the lower branch of the General Court of Massachusetts is to give a reading from the Revised Statutes, is authoritatively contradicted by a Boston newspaper.

Our African brother is advancing in social life. Half of the dress-circle at the Galveston Theatre, Texas, is reserved for freedmen.

Major-General John G. Foster, who is superintendent of the works for the improvement of the harbor of Boston, was the recipient, on Christmas Day, of a massive silver pitcher and goblets from his assistants and operatives in this undertaking.

Dr. A. G. Mackey, Collector of the port of Charleston, has been presented with a beautiful and valuable Masonic testimonial by the Grand Lodge of Peru, South America.

It is said that Colonel Roe, the lightning press inventor, is fitting up a press to print on both sides of a sheet at the same time. He will next invent a press that will be run by electricity.

In the island of St. Thomas, wages for skilled artisans are very high, owing to their disinclination to emigrate to a tropical climate, and the impossibility of training an intelligent native of the island to skilled labor.

Major-General Gilmore is in Cleveland, Ohio. After making a visit to his relatives in Lorain County, Ohio, he is to make a Southern tour below Hampton Roads for the purpose of increasing and improving our Southern fortifications.

Susan B. Anthony proposes to commence the Revolution in a few days, by issuing a paper of that name. It is to advocate "Greenbacks for the people; men, their rights—nothing more; women, their rights—nothing less; principle, not policy; justice, not favors."

The following is a school essay, written by one of the youngsters:

"ABOUT DOGS.—Dogs is usefuller as cats. Mice is afraid of mad cats. They bite 'em. Dogs follows boys and catches a hog by the ear. Hogs rarely bite. People eats hogs but not the Jews, as they and all other animals that don't chew the cud isn't clean ones. Dogs sum times gits bit with boot-jacks for barking of nites. Sleepy people get mad and throw 'em. Dogs is the best animal for man; they do more for man than growed hogs or koons or even gotes. Gotes smell. The end."

An ordinary Japanese, seven feet long by two and a quarter wide, can hold up and balance on his feet all the accounts of the Bank of Commerce at one time, and then get up and hide away his ration of boiled rice. Their perfection in the art of balancing is truly wonderful. I have seen a little Japanese boy balance a pole on its big end, climb up to the top of it and then take the pole up after him. Their language is the Japanese language, and they learn to speak it fluently, so that they can converse among themselves first-rate. They also write in Japanese. A Japanese letter, when properly and carefully written, closely resembles a pair of tongs struck with paralysis. They never talk in any language but their own. I tried one of them the other day. I asked him what he'd take? He answered, in excellent Japanese, which any child could understand, "Gin and bitters." This satisfies me that the language is well worth acquiring.

THE HOLIDAY WEEK.

DURING that happy period of time for youth which is ordinarily named the Holiday Week—that period in which the list of January puts in its appearance—the various theatres have generally been doing a capital business. Hard times do not yet seem to have virtually or materially affected the balance-sheets of the box-offices, or sensibly impaired the fortunes of the various managers. Wallack, Wheatly, Williams, and the Worrells—the alliteration was too strong a temptation for us to content ourselves with the names of their theatres—seem to be equally lucky, and save on the miserably murky night of New Year's Day, have been generally, supposing us to speak in the wantonness of good-temper, thronged, or to use a more conscientious form of speech, at any rate, well-filled. Such is the case also with the Olympic, the New York Circus, Barnard's, Barnum's, and the Bowery.

At Wallack's we have had "Oliver Twist" during the past week, in obedience, it may be presumed, to the popular impulse after Dickens, although, when it is remembered that Mr. J. W. Wallack plays Fagan and Mr. E. L. Davenport Bill Sykes, and that the remainder of the drama is in the hands of the admirable company of this establishment, sensational as the Dickens piece may be, little doubt can exist that it must be a drawing card. One opinion we may unreservedly give. The Fagan of J. W. Wallack is one of the most remarkable and best melodramatic impersonations we have ever seen behind the footlights.

"The Black Crook" has been dropping the last sands of its theatrical life—a tolerably long one—at Niblo's Garden, and is to be, or, perchance, has already been, replaced by "The White Fawn." Decidedly "a horse of another color."

In the Olympic, spectacular Shakespeare still reigns supreme—"A Midsummer Night's Dream" with Mendelssohn's silvery music, the admirable scenery, and Rosa Cooke as Oberon.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, in some respects one of the best actresses, if not the best on the American stage, has been performing a round of her principal parts at the Broadway Theatre. On New Year's Eve we saw her in "Mary Stuart," a newly constructed drama from the works of Scott and Schiller, by Mr. Falconer, as the advertisement mentions. We allude to it simply as a matter of congratulation to Mr. Falconer, that he has also assisted himself very liberally from the French adaptation of Schiller's drama. Seriously, it is as thorough a piece of impertinence for any modern (!) English dramatist to talk of Schiller in this way as it would be for a Frenchman or a German to allude to Shakespeare in the same style—not that we would for one instant place English or American or German appropriators on a par in respect of brain or pen with your true-born Parisian dramatic tailor, who builds his garment from the foreign cloth he has purchased, or, as we are grieved sometimes to say, cabaged.

At the New York, the Worrell Sisters continue "Under the Galleat."

During the past week the admirers of Madame Ristori might be congratulated. She returned to them, previous to her flight for Havana, as "Marie Antoinette." Let them, however, refrain from tears at the artist's departure, for we predict that it will not be a final one. They will have one more chance of seeing her, according to Mr. Grant's inevitable programme, at the French Theatre, just before her return to Europe.

Barnum and the New York Circus give us two pantomimes which crowd the houses. "Little Dew Drop" or "The Fairies Home in the Palace of Neptune," and "The Miser of Bagdad."

Meanwhile Music is for the moment, doing or promising largely.

Upon Saturday evening, December 28th, a new

Oratorio, by G. F. Bristow, was produced in Steinway Hall, named "Daniel." Mr. Bristow is a composer whose works we always feel bound to approach with respect. He is able, conscientious, and a thoroughly good musician. Yet, let us add, and we do so deeply to our regret, he is to us the most unsatisfactory of composers. He hints at that which he does not complete. We receive from him a suggestion which is imperfectly carried out. His aspirations go beyond his means to develop them. This is precisely as we felt while listening to "Daniel," only more so. The reason of the "more so" was that "Daniel" had not been fairly or properly studied by the New York Mendelssohn Union. It pains us to say this of any body of amateurs, for we presume such societies as the Mendelssohn scarcely class themselves as professional choral singers. But truth is truth. If any body of choral singers attempt to produce a new work under the direction of the composer, let them either give the requisite time to it, or let the composer have the score-parts packed up, pocket his baton, and quit the place of rehearsal. We would proffer him the same counsel with regard to his professional orchestra. It may also be—we have known such things—that the composer may lack the requisite nerve and decision to make chorus and orchestra work as he wishes. This is not matter of talent in composition, but talent in government. We candidly apprehend that in his own compositions it would be far better for Mr. Bristow to employ some other conductor—listening to him and assisting him in those portions in which he might not thoroughly carry out Mr. Bristow's intentions. We regret to have to say this, but save in some of the solos—and a few only of these, the rendering of "Daniel" was unsatisfactory in the extreme. If not a really great work, it is decidedly an ambitious and a clever one. It suggests too much, and accomplishes what it suggests too incompletely. Yet we frankly own, that had it not been for the drawbacks in its execution, we might not have felt this so strongly. Let us again impress upon Mr. Bristow, who is decidedly our best American composer, the advisability, if he is disinclined to entrust the production of his future works to another conductor, the propriety of not placing them before the public until he feels that he has given them every chance possible, by sedulous and careful rehearsal, of being fairly appreciated. It is possible that had "Daniel" been well rendered, we might have been able to speak of it in a very different manner, although we scarcely think so. We can, however, give a large proportion of cordial sympathy to the composer, because he is our only native musician living who has any large and intelligible aim for making himself a prominent place in musical history. Of this he may be tolerably glad, if not as a leading name in it, at any rate as one of the earliest pioneers in its grander and more elevated developments.

We have had the Richings Opera Troupe at the Academy of Music during the past week, and on New Year's Day they produced, for the first time in New York, Benedict's Irish opera, "The Lily of Killarney." Not having sufficient space at our disposal, we are compelled to defer our notice of it to the coming week. In the interval, Elko's Opera House will also be opened by the best opera company we have for some length of time been favored with in New York. Anna De La Grange, Adelaide Phillips, Brignoli, Massimiani, Susini and others are its constituent parts. It will be with no common pleasure that we shall again hear Madame De La Grange, indisputably one of the greatest and most sincere vocal artists we have ever received upon the New York stage, and we predict for her on her first evening of the new theatre a success of *furor*. As her first appearance will probably have taken place at the time this article is read, we have risked our reputation as a judge of the public—for critics ought to be as good judges of the temper of the hearers as they are of the quality of the singer—by predicting a fact in advance of its occurrence.

ART GOSSIP.

MR. C. P. CRANCH, who paints some clever Venetian picture in oils, is not so successful in his contributions to the Exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors. In his "Venetian Boat," No. 520, the boat is well and finely painted, and the water is sufficiently transparent. But the sky is washed out as if with a sponge, and the effect thus produced is heavy and woolly to excess. To succeed in water-color, an artist must know exactly what he is about; make up his mind as to where he is going to dash in his tint, and leave it there the instant he has laid it on. And in the painting of skies, especially, this kind of decision is all important.

Certainly Mr. John Henry Hill, an artist who resides somewhere up river, we believe, is very felicitous in his rendering of fruit subjects in water-colors. There is a picture of "Cherries" by him in the water-color gallery, No. 521, in which the juicy character of that fruit is given with true feeling. The backgrounds that Mr. Hill sometimes puts into his fruit pieces, however, we cannot always admire. The blue sky against which his cherries are seen is altogether too pronounced, and we do not think that the green of the leaves is quite true to nature. In "Wild Grapes and Apples," No. 412, Mr. Hill approaches the wonderful reproductive skill of the late William Hunt. Indeed we do not know that there is a painter in this country whose power in giving the hollow color and surface of fruits is equal to that of Mr. Hill. His landscapes, of which there are several in this exhibition, we do not like so well. Besides being frequently monotonous in tone, they are altogether too manifestly hatched and stippled up, the result being a streaky look which is far from agreeable.

For a good bold drawing, with character in it, commend us to "The Wanderers," No. 395, by Mr. H. Van Ingen. To the works of this artist in oil we have never had a leaning, because he is apt to be unpleasantly crude and harsh in color. In this drawing of the "Wanderers" we have but two ragged dogs of the performing sort, a monkey, and a barrel-organ. The animals are painted with natural character, though, and the drawing gives full evidence of strength in that line.

Some flower pieces by Mrs. C. Carson are noticeable for the delicacy with which they are painted, and for sweet, rich color. Of these we will specially mention "Morning Glories," No. 405, and "Pansies," No. 381. The latter of these, especially, is remarkable for its pure and clear color.

Mr. S. Coleman is a very prolific contributor to the water-color gallery. In his "Tower of Comares, Alhambra, Granada, Spain," No. 399, we see much careful drawing of picturesque architecture—a branch, by the way, in which Mr. Coleman excels. The sky in this picture is rather woolly—a defect rendered more conspicuous by contrast with the clear sharpness of the architecture.

Clever, but with too much touch, is Mr. A. H. Wyant's "Scene on the Upper Little Miami," No. 381. The forms are made out with knowledge, and the feeling for nature is there, but the *ars celare artem* is wanting.

Mr. M. F. H. De Haas is another of the well-known workers in oil, and on a large scale, who comes forth with some measure of success as a contributor to the exhibition under notice. In his "Coast Scene," No. 321, we recognize the qualities of clear color and a certain decision of manner indicating considerable practice with the material—which is, one, by-the-by, with which most Holland artists are familiar.

Mr. Frederic Rondel exhibits here a large and pleasant pastoral scene called "View on Housatonic," No. 325. The distance and sky have been somewhat too much washed, thereby losing some of the clearness, which is one of the great charm of water-color painting. "After the Rain," No. 557, by the same artist, is excellent for its feeling of that peculiar and pleasant phase of nature.

The trees, especially, in this picture are charmingly rendered as to form and featheriness alike.

A clever little drawing of "Dead Birds," No. 542, by Miss S. C. Steaton, merits some special remark. Both for handling and color, this drawing indicates the possession of knowledge, and although the lady has not had extensive practice in the material, yet we can discern for her a future success in it.

A "Marine," No. 551, by Mr. E. Moran, of Philadelphia, is better in movement than in color—the latter being somewhat cold and harsh. Near it there hangs another "Marine," No. 550, by Mr. E. O. Clark, an artist with whose name we are not familiar. This is a capital picture for color as well as for the dash and fury of the sea, and there is something in the manner of it which leads us to suppose that it is the work of an English artist.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

French Occupation of Rome—Japanese Prince—Abyssinian Expedition—Elephants—Dr. Livingstone—Her Majesty's Theatre—Rights of Citizens in Foreign Countries—Fetters—European Politics—Island of St. Thomas—Probable Acquisitions of the United States.

THERE is not at present much new or important in the situation here, the only fact being the ministerial declarations in the French Chamber about the permanent occupation of Rome. By refusing a joint occupation France has humiliated Italy, and made it an enemy. The Pope, too, it appears has fallen ill, which embarrasses the situation, and the debates and language about Germany will not calm the troubled waters. Still, there will not be for the present any disruption in Europe.

The Japanese prince, the younger brother of the Tycoon, is here. He is a very intelligent young man, much more inquiring than those stolid Chinese, who see everything and care for nothing. The brother of the Tycoon inquires into everything, and is most interested in artillery and armaments. His features are heavy and somewhat Chinese. In his suite is his tutor, or "governor," who is the brother of the Governor of Jeddo, and who is a grave and intelligent Japanese gentleman. He has expressed his intention of endeavoring to found a free public library in Japan, for the benefit of his poorer countrymen, and the idea shows an unexpected degree of liberal enlightenment. All the principal functionaries of the suite carry the usual Japanese sword; the prince himself has three, one of which has a scarlet handle. The mission is accompanied by Mr. Von Siebold, interpreter to the British Legation at Yon, and son of the celebrated naturalist and Japanese traveler of the same name. They have been to France, and the prince has an excellent *cuisine*, presided over by an experienced French chef. The former embassy, before its return, was thoroughly civilized into the superiority of boiled salmon, champagne, roast mutton, *entremets* and French cookery. The prince and his suite, after leaving England, will visit the United States, where they will no doubt be further initiated into sherry-cobbler and other good things of Transatlantic diet and drink.

The Abyssinian Expedition will bear a miniature resemblance to the march of Cambyse, as they are preparing to ship all sorts of nondescript camp-followers from Bombay and Kurrachee, in addition to mules from Spain. Amongst others are Brahmin bulls for transport, with good housings. The bull has at least one advantage—if he knocks up, he can be cut up also and eaten; and old Marshal Saxe preferred beef to horseflesh for the transport of his artillery. But the bull is a slow creature, as any one may know who has ever crossed the Apennines in a diligence drawn by a team of pet oxen, about as big as calves, tame as mice, and slow as tortoises. As to elephants, the idea of importing Asiatic ones is a novelty, especially that of carrying them to the land of the old elephant-eaters. The African elephant, however, it turns out, is just as capable of being utilised as the Asiatic one. There are two African ones here, and their large circular ears, receding foreheads, and black mucous lining of their trunks make them a distinct species. They are nearer to the primeval mammoth than their Asiatic brethren, which are a higher development. But the black races have never had sufficient courage and intelligence to tame them. Some time ago a German, collecting animals for the Zoological Society or a dealer, brought down a troop of African elephants to the coast, and made them carry water enough for the other animals. If, instead of killing them for their tusks, they were tamed and reared for use—they will evidently breed in captivity—Africa might add another beast of burden to the few it already possesses.

Various rumors about Livingstone being still alive still continue to reach here, but no letters or communication from that traveler come, so that the idea prevails that he has really perished. A few months and utter or researches which are now being carried on will probably determine the fact and the truth or falsehood of the Johannan, who gave a circumstantial account of his death, which it is difficult to conceive can be a pure invention.

The fire of Her Majesty's Theatre here has created a great sensation, the amount lost being very considerable. At present they are searching in the ruins for "theatrical properties," but as yet the search does not appear to repay the expense, for a theatrical Aladdin would not realize much on change. The whole theatre appears to have caught like torchwood, and was licked up by the devouring element in a couple of hours. There was, as usual, a tank of water and all appliances against fire, but at the fatal moment these pass for nothing, and the best resource is generally the M. P. of the "Main Plug," not Member of Parliament, in the street, which is always accessible, and supplies the amount of water required. A subscription is to be started for Mapleson, the lessee, whose loss by the destruction is said to be very great, and the theatre will of course be rebuilt, as the world of fashion cannot live without Italian warblers and Swedish nightingales. The Opera et Noctes are the "panem et circenses" of modern society.

The law about the *civis Britannicus* attracts some attention with a view to its modification, as the man of two allegiances is a diplomatic difficulty, and in case of war, he cannot serve two masters.

The President's Message has evoked several comments, and the subject will receive a fair consideration. The Code Napoleon seems to have better defined who is and who is not a French citizen. The British right attaches itself to those who are not entitled to it, and do not claim it. The great point is about that amphibious subject, the British sailor, who might have as many nationalities, when wanted, as certificates of service. But no citizen of any State has a right to commit crimes in another with impunity, and no nation worthy of the name can allow its tribunals to be insulted or invaded by claims of foreign citizenship.

There have been some Fenian processions, with coffins and demonstrations, about the three men hung at Manchester. The authorities at Liverpool have forbidden one that was to take place there, and proclamations are out in England and Ireland to stop the processions. The last Fenian horror is the attempt to blow up the wall of Clerkenwell house of detention by a barrel of powder, and so let the prisoners Burke and Casey escape. It was quite unsuccessful, but has killed and injured many poor people. The excitement is very great, and the indignation against the crime intense. These dastardly attempts at rescue and processions for their perpetrators have aroused a deep feeling amongst the Irish Orangemen, who have avowed their determination of stopping the "processional demonstrations" by force, and the authorities have taken the

matter in hand, so that the matter will come to a crisis soon and tranquilly be restored.

The development of Fenianism has not taken any extensive political root here, and an Irish "secessh" is out of the question, as the empire would put forth its entire strength against it, and the Orangemen of the North would hold their own, if not the island itself, against any attempt at rebellion. The condition of Europe does not admit of small States, and the danger is, as Thiers pointed out, that all Europe should group itself into two large ones. The British Empire would not be safe with a separate Irish Legislature. Our neighbors are too powerful to admit that such an experiment should be played. In Europe these local legislatures become the focus of foreign intrigue, and the instance starts up before the eyes in Bohemia, which is appealing to the Slavonic Czar against its German Kaiser. It may be hereafter a question of how much, or what kind of municipal self-government might beneficially be extended to the Emerald Isle, but no political institutions can alter in the twinkling of an eye the nature of the soil—the want of mineral resources, or the disposition of the Irishman. To succeed as well as the Englishman, he must have greater industry, as the resources of Ireland are less. Less of grievance and more of work would be much more to the purpose.

The acquisition of the island of St. Thomas by the United States has made some sensation here. The value of the island is not considered very great, on account of its unhealthy condition and the cyclones to which it is subject. It is, however, a good harbor, as it has been so long the house of call for the West India steamers. As the maritime power of the United States increases, the necessity of ports and stations in other parts of the world will be more felt, and there would be no great surprise to those who think, should the United States acquire similar or outlying depots in other parts of the world, a *locus standi* in the Pacific will one day, and that not a distant one, be an absolute necessity, and one of the Japanese islands might be a desirable acquisition, if that jealous nation would cede one for a consideration.

Freaks of Patrick Grennan, an Insane Policeman.

AT about nine o'clock on New Year's evening, Patrick Grennan, a policeman attached to the Seventeenth Precinct, was seen walking along First avenue toward East Houston street, swinging his club about in a very menacing manner, and uttering horrible oaths. Arriving at the intersection of the two streets, he posted himself in front of a drug store upon one corner, and saluted each one who passed him with a series of curses, and threatened to shoot any person who did not attend to his own business. To those who witnessed his conduct, it became evident that the officer was laboring under the influence of liquor, and an attempt was made to have him arrested. Assistance was called, and soon an officer of the Tenth Precinct, bearing upon his cap the number 1,642, arrived on the spot, and after conversing with the infuriated man a few moments, allowed him to proceed with his rampage, and then quietly walked himself off in another direction. Grennan then commenced running up and down the street, accosting citizens with opprobrious epithets, threatening to arrest them without reason, and clubbing them whenever an opportunity was presented.

As a party of Germans were leaving the drinking-saloon of Charles Beudel, situated on the corner of First avenue and East Houston street, they were noticed by Grennan, who immediately ran toward them, and without any provocation commenced a murderous assault. He inflicted ugly wounds upon the heads and faces of three in the party, knocked a fourth down, and after beating him severely with his club, drew a revolver and shot him in the groin. Mr. Beudel then came out of the saloon and rapped upon the sidewalk for assistance, upon which Grennan turned from his bleeding victim and rushed madly into the saloon, and attempted to shoot the barkeeper, who was standing in the back part of the room at the time, but the pistol missed fire.

At this juncture Mrs. Beudel opened the side-door of the saloon to find out what was the difficulty. At the appearance of a female figure in the doorway Grennan dropped his club, and started for the spot. Mrs. Beudel became alarmed at the conduct of the man and closed the door just as a ball from Grennan's revolver cut a deep furrow in it near the lock. The officer immediately started in pursuit of the lady, who sought refuge in her bedroom, and having endeavored to force an entrance to all the rooms on the first floor without success, he ascended the stairs and began pounding on the doors above. Still unsuccessful, he dragged himself upon the roof of the house by means of a skylight, which afterward he threw down upon the sidewalk, walked to the next house, removed the skylight of that, and descended to the second floor. A posse of policemen, arriving after the disturbance had taken place in the bar-room, instituted a close search for the drunken officer, and after much difficulty succeeded in overpowering him, in the position he had chosen for his hiding-place, and removed him to the station-house.

In the meantime the wounded man was carried into No. 7 First avenue, and Dr. Bopp, of Rivington street, and two other physicians, were called in. After probing the wound, they reported that the ball had entered the right groin, or rather a little above it, and had apparently made its way into the abdomen in an oblique direction; but they were unable to find it. They considered the case a very critical one, but did not think that it could be told for two or three days whether it was likely to terminate fatally or not.

Grennan was committed to the Tombs, to await the result of this victim's injuries.

THE London *Athenæum* recommends the reading of Plutarch's *Lives* to boys' and girls' schools. It claims that they are the best introduction to a knowledge of Roman life that can be gained by any one, far better than the histories of Rome—short or long—that abound. They taught Shakespeare what Rome was; they are regularly studied in France; and the verdict of the best English scholars is in their favor.

WHEN the Egyptian troops first conquered Nubia, a regiment was destroyed by thirst in crossing this desert. The men being on a limited allowance of water, suffered from extreme thirst, and, deceived by the appearance of a mirage that exactly resembled a beautiful lake, they insisted on being taken to its banks by the Arab guide. It was in vain that the guide assured them the lake was unreal, and he refused to lose the precious time by wandering from his course. Words led to blows, and he was killed by the soldiers, whose lives depended on his guidance. The whole regiment turned from the track and rushed toward the welcome waters. Thirsty and faint, over the burning sands they hurried—heavier and heavier their footsteps became—hotter and hotter their breath, as deeper they pushed into the desert, further and further from the lost track where the pilot lay in his blood; and still the mirage spirits of the desert, the streaks of the mirage, led them on, and the lake glistening in the sunshine tempted them to bathe in its cool waters, close to their eyes but never at their lips. At length the delusion vanished—the fatal lake turned to burning sand! Raging thirst and horrible despair! the pathless desert and the murdered guide! lost! lost! all lost! Not a man ever left the desert, but they were subsequently discovered, parched and withered corpses, by the Arabs sent upon the search.

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT NEW CALABAR, AFRICA.

Interior of the Great Temple, New Calabar, Africa.

The two engravings at the head of this page represent the interiors of two important buildings in Africa,

capital, being situated on the coast of Africa, at the mouth of the Niger river, easy of access by water. Bonny is the enticing name of the principal village of New Calabar, and is situated just at the mouth of the



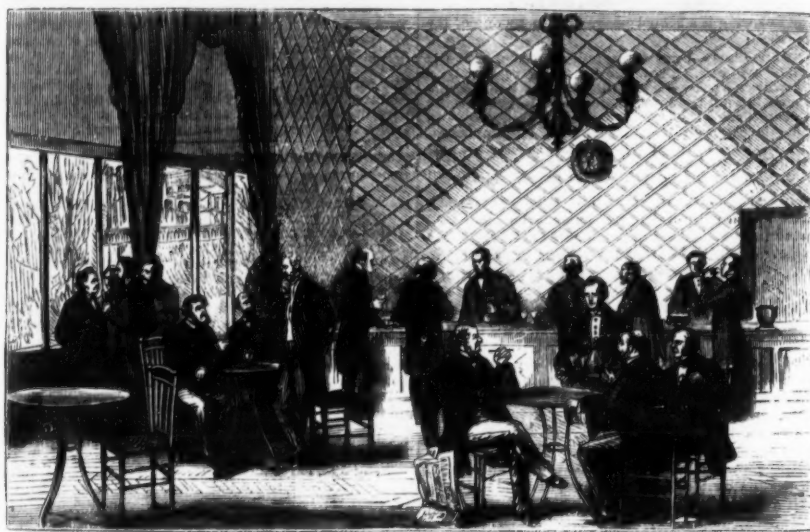
THE HALL OF HUMAN SACRIFICES AT BONNY, AFRICA.

New Calabar is the place. The country, so far as it has been explored, is found to be of the most entrancing character. The green fields are of the greenest; the foliage of the trees is the densest and most graceful;

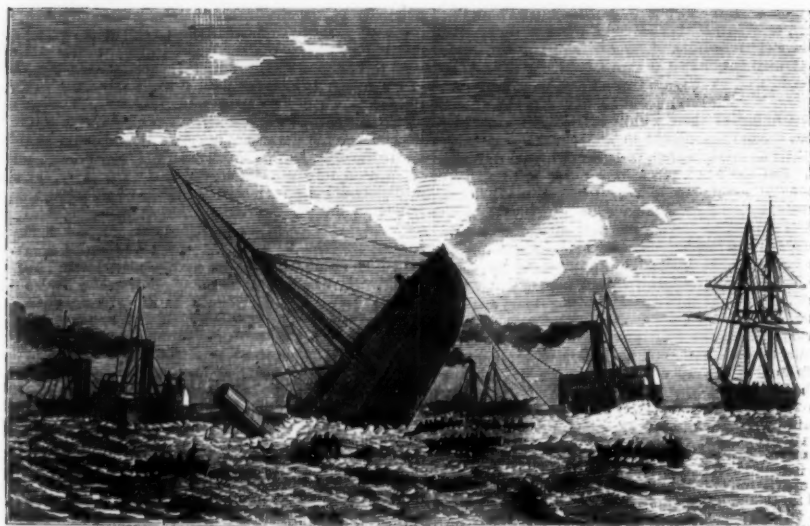
death and torture an honor which can only be enhanced by the preservation of the decapitated heads in the Hall of Human Sacrifices, or, as the captives to their ambition, in the Great Temple.



DISTRIBUTING FOOD AT THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S SOUP KITCHEN, PARIS.



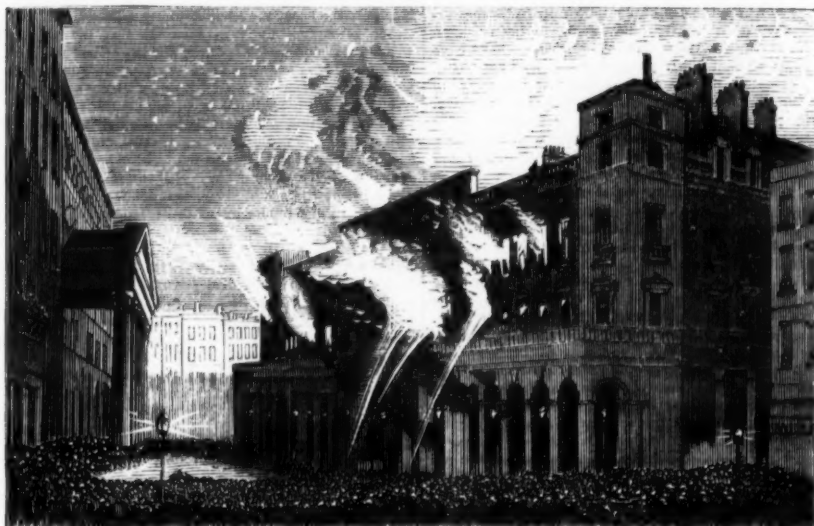
THE LUNCH ROOM OF THE FRENCH LEGISLATURE DURING THE SESSION.



WRECK OF THE GREEK WAR STEAMER DOUDOULINA, DESTROYED BY THE EXPLOSION AT LIVERPOOL.

the one named at the head of this notice, and the Hall of Human Sacrifices. New Calabar is a country about which little has been known until recently, though it offers the greatest inducements for the employment of

greatest river of Central Africa, mentioned above. If there is one country in the world that is more entitled to the descriptive line, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,"

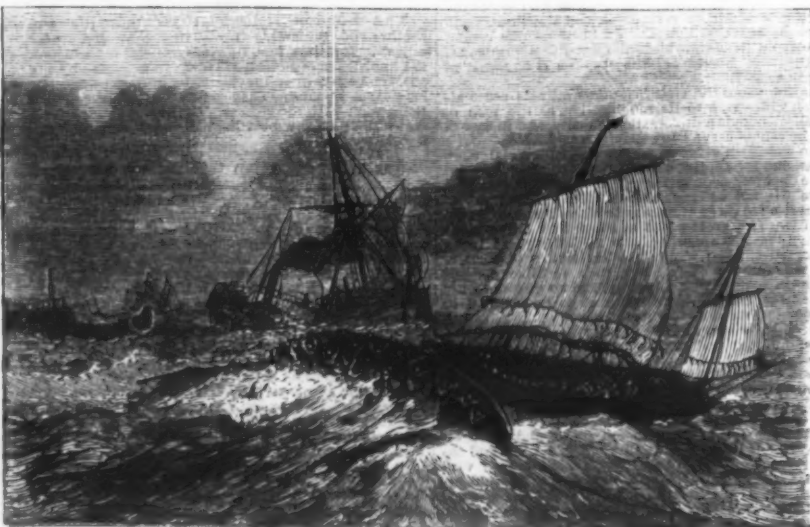


THE BURNING OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

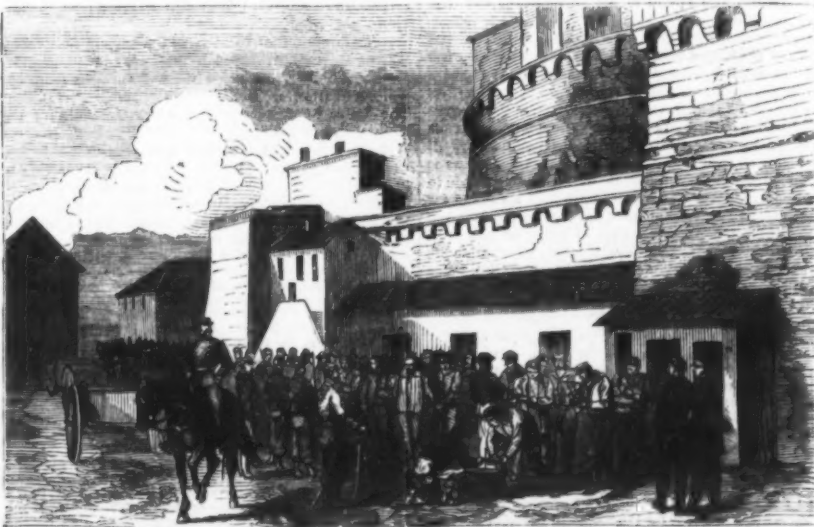
the flowers, which spring up in every corner, are of the most vivid colors, and delicious in perfume; and yet the race of savages there resident are, perhaps, the most bloodthirsty and cruel in existence, considering

Distributing Food at the Prince Imperial's Soup Kitchen.

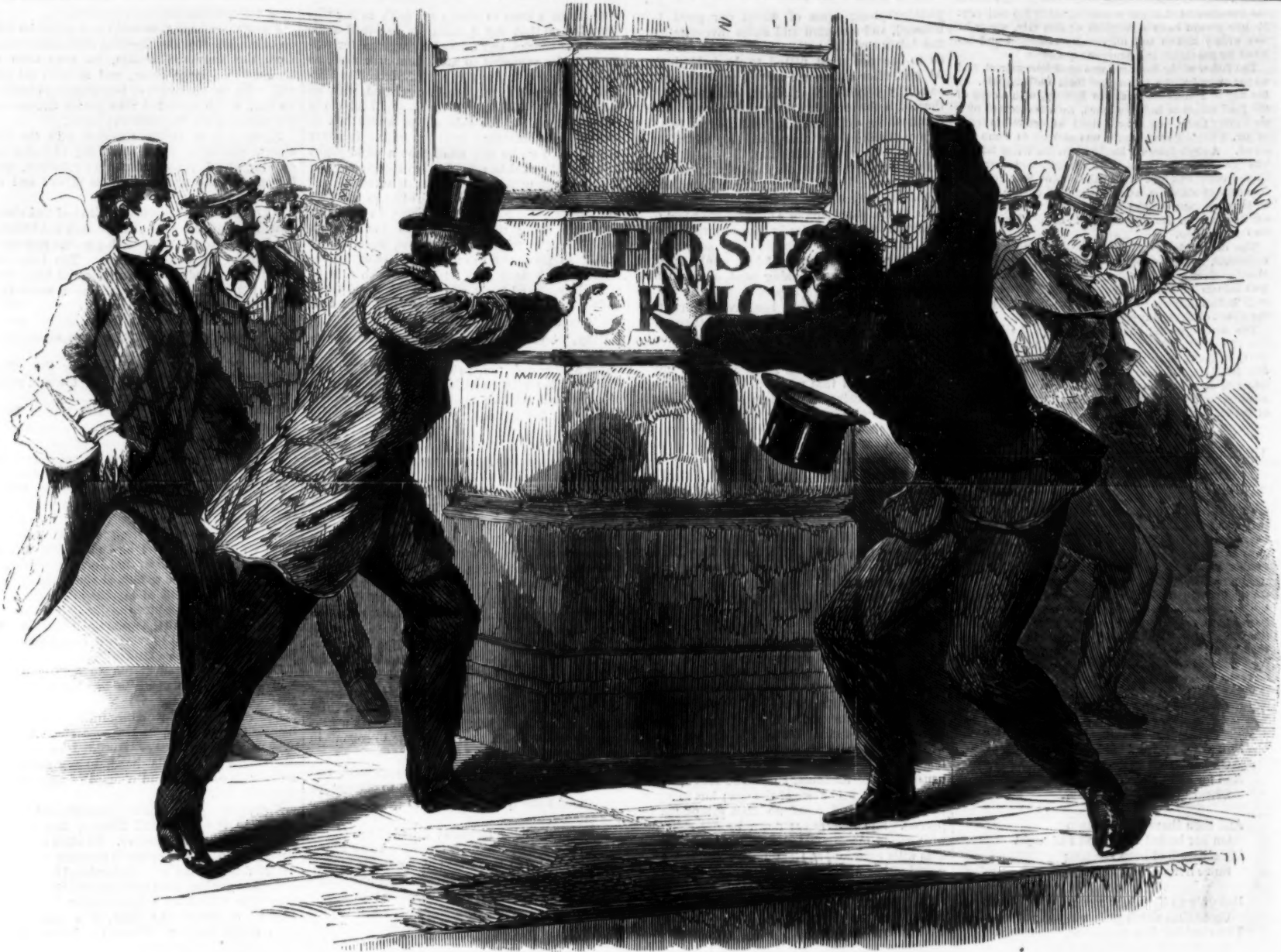
The soup kitchen is a true French institution that we have adopted to some extent in districts where the fam



UPSETTING OF A SALVAGE LIFE-BOAT AT GORLESTON, ENGLAND.



GARIBALDIAN PRISONERS BEING FED BEFORE DEPARTING FROM THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.



THE SHOOTING OF JUDGE RICHARD BUSTED BY DISTRICT ATTORNEY L. V. B. MARTIN, DECEMBER 28TH, AT MOBILE, ALA.—SEE PAGE 278.

ished poor dread the hunger and misery that invariably oppress them during the winter. There is no charity better worth supporting than this, for it is less liable to abuse than most other means of distributing material relief, as well as being immediate in its application and not very costly. At the opening of the soup kitchen of the Prince Imperial, about two hundred poor people attended in an orderly crowd to obtain the relief dispensed to them by the nuns, who encouraged



THE CHAIR FROM WHICH THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS FIRST READ TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

the applicants by cheerful smiles, though their faces are half concealed beneath the great white-winged bonnets constituting part of their costume.

The Wreck of the *Bouboulina*.

The *Bouboulina*, a steamship built in Liverpool during the war, but lately purchased by the Greek Government and fitted up as a war steamer, exploded while lying at anchor in the river Mersey on the 29th November. The explosion tore the vessel into three parts, so that many of the men on board suddenly found themselves in the water, being rescued by a ferryboat and the small boats of the Great Eastern, which was lying near. While the middle portion of the ship sunk, the two ends curiously enough, floated for some time, being prevented from sinking by the watertight compartments, into which they were divided, but finally sunk, leaving only a small portion of the mast visible. The loss of life, as far as ascertained, is only twelve.

Upsetting of the Salvage-Boat at Gorleston, near Yarmouth, England.

The entrance to Yarmouth harbor begins about two miles below the town, at the village of Gorleston, which is inhabited entirely by fishermen, boatmen and sailors. Three yawl life-boats are kept there by companies of men who obtain a livelihood by affording help to ships in distress, supplying them, as occasion may require,

with cables or stores of any kind, assisting them to reach a place of safety, or saving the wrecked property of the underwriters—hence they are often called "salvage-boats." The earnings of these men depend upon the value of the property they save; but it often happens that they entirely fail in saving any property whatever that would reward them for their daring venture among the terrible breakers that lash the sands which form the roadstead at Yarmouth; though they sometimes return with the crew of a wrecked ship, whose lives they have saved, but for which service they get next to nothing. On the morning of the 3d of December, 1867, one of the salvage-boats, being crowded with rescued sailors from a wrecked brig, was run over and capsized by a fisherman's lugger, caused either by the coxswain of the lugger starboarding his helm, or the set of the sea causing the life-boat to broach to and fall under the lugger's bow; but whichever way it happened, the effect was to instantly capsize the life-boat and precipitate the whole of her crew into the water. The lugger held her course and ran into the harbor, giving no aid whatever, and in spite of the strenuous efforts of all the rest who were near enough to render assistance, twenty-five men were drowned.

The Lunchroom of the French Legislature During a Session.

While engaged in the dry work of making laws for their fellow-men to break, the members of the French Legislature, in common with the members of our own legislative bodies, do not forget the necessities of the inner man. The lunchroom, conveniently situated near the Hall of the Legislature, is seldom without a customer, except it may be during hot debates, or the voting on a very important subject, when the friends and enemies of the bill are very apt to bring every accessible voter into the Grand Hall until he has voted. In this retreat, devoted to good eating and drinking, the best of provision is made for the delicate appetites of its customers, and all of the delicacies of each season can be quickly produced for consumption.

The Destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre by Fire.

About fifteen minutes to eleven o'clock, on the night of the 6th of December, 1867, the passengers in the Haymarket, Pall-mall, and Regent street, London, were startled by an immense body of flame darting out from the roof of Her Majesty's Theatre, and in less than ten minutes the whole body of the theatre was one mass of flame, emitting a thick shower of fiery flakes that completely covered the pavements of the adjacent streets. When the fire-engines arrived, more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed since the discovery of the fire, and it became a matter of difficulty to decide at which point to begin operations, and after the firemen had commenced work they were several times driven away by the extreme heat of the flames. By two o'clock on the morning of the 7th ult. the fire had completely destroyed the theatre, and had been conquered by the firemen. So rapid was its spread that nothing of value was saved from the theatre but the dress in which the ghost in "Don Giovanni" was wont to be played. No insurance having been effected on any part of the scenery or properties, the loss, about sixty thousand dollars, falls heavily upon the lessee, Mr. Mapleson. This theatre was built in 1790, being opened to the public on March 26th, 1791, and was the largest in England except the new Italian Opera House. As to the origin of the fire, nothing is known. The watchmen went their rounds regularly, and found nothing out of place, no person in the

theatre, and no fire in the building, until the smoke and flame from the back of the stage warned them in time to make their escape.

Garibaldian Prisoners Being Fed Before Departure from the Castle of St. Angelo, Rome.

The only reminiscence of the late Garibaldian insurrection which has reached us this week is the engraving which we publish. It is a painful and yet not altogether a depressing one; for the last of the Garibaldian prisoners have been sent from the Papal prison of St. Angelo to the frontier of the northern Pontifical States. The first detachment of these unfortunate fellows is represented in our engraving taking their last hurried repast before their journey—a repast served in a manner not altogether enticing, but at the same time reminding one a little strongly of the customary dispensation of food at some of our own barracks when the soldiers have received the order to march.

THOMAS WILEY, SEN.

In our current number we give a brief outline of the life of one, if not the only and last person at the time of his death, who was present at the first reading of the Declaration of Independence, on the 4th July, 1776, in the city of New York. Mr. Wiley was born January 23d of that year, at the residence of his parents, two doors below Wall street, on the east side of Broadway, where they resided during the Revolutionary war. Mr. Wiley was of Scottish origin, on his father's side, his paternal grandfather having migrated, with seven brothers, from that country in the early part of the eighteenth century; and his maternal ancestors were of the hardy and thrifty Knickerbocker stock. Thus it will be seen that the deceased was born a subject of King George III., and at the time of his death, Monday, December 23d, 1867, was ninety-two years of age, less one month to a day; had lived the entire period of and been a part of our entire national life. Mr. Wiley



THE LATE THOMAS WILEY, OF NEW YORK CITY.

always enjoyed robust health, and voted at every one of the Presidential elections occurring since his majority. He has always been a resident of this city, where he was widely known and universally esteemed and beloved for his manly and generous qualities.

The father of the deceased was an ardent patriot, and on the arrival of the messenger from Philadelphia, by the way of Paulus Hook, at the Battery, with a copy of the Declaration of Independence, he was escorted by a constantly increasing crowd, until he arrived in front of Mr. Wiley's house, where was obliged to come to a stand. A chair (now an heirloom in the Wiley family) was brought to the front of the house, and then and there from it was first read in the city of New York the immortal Declaration, amid a profound silence, which, at its close, was broken by the most vociferous and exultant cheers. He was present, in his mother's arms, on this occasion.

The deceased leaves one sister, and numerous descendants, among whom is the Hon. William Wiley, Member-elect to the Assembly from this city, who is well known in our local politics, and in connection with Sickles in raising his famous Excelsior Brigade at the outset of the late rebellion.

The accompanying chair, from which the Declaration of Independence was first read in the City of New York, in front of Mr. Wiley's house on Broadway, July 8th, 1776, was brought from Holland by the grand-father of deceased, named Hicks. It is of very stout manufacture, and is painted green, with the exception of the seat, which is yellow.

The Shooting of Judge Richard Busted, by District Attorney L. V. B. Martin.

On the 28th of December last, Judge Richard Busted, formerly of New York City, but now occupying the woodcock in Mobile, Ala., was shot by District Attorney, L. V. B. Martin. There had been a difficulty between the parties growing out of proceedings against Martin in Judge Busted's court, and the ill-feeling had been growing in intensity for some days. On the morning of the 28th the parties met in front of the Post-Office, and after high words and blows had been exchanged, Martin drew his revolver and fired at the Judge, two shots taking effect, one below the breastbone, and one in the right leg. Martin had been indicted by the Grand Jury for revenue frauds and extortion, and is now in jail.

THE SILENT PRAYER.

She prayed; I watched her nightly
On her knees beside the bed,
And for awhile each prayer-time
I heard the words she said.

And then there fell a silence
On her bowed head, and I thought
My senses had been sleeping
Since her words I had not caught.

But duly as the night came,
Came that silent prayer again;
I marked her lips unmoving,
And I knew the mystery then.

Was she praying for the living?
Was she praying for the dead?
There was no sobbing, sighing,
And not a tear was shed.

She was fragile in her beauty,
As a leaf before the blast:
Was she praying for sweet patience
Till the storm was overpast?

Who shall tell us of her loving?
Who shall tell us of her tears?
She is gone from us for ever
In her uncompleted years.

Gone like snow from off the mountain,
Gone like mist from off the vale,
In her golden hour of morning
She was swept before the gale.

She never told in dying
What had winged that silent prayer;
But something we divined it
When we saw her look so fair:

Fair with lilies on her bosom,
Fair as lilies and as sweet,
Fair with slumber on her forehead,
Fair with silence at her feet.

Ere the hand of Death could reach her
She had flown to meet his kiss:
Ere another land could claim her
She was far away from this.

She was far beyond our sunshine,
She was breathing other air
Alone with her Creator
In the shadow of a prayer.

Photographing our First-born.

I SHALL always believe that I listened to the promptings of an evil spirit, and that said evil spirit attacked me on my very weakest point, when in a gush of maternal pride I conceived the idea of having a photograph taken of our baby. He, be it known to the public, was a fair, fat, blue-eyed fellow, possessing no particular beauty to careless outsiders; but in his limited home circle was regarded, not the ninth, but the first wonder of this most wonderful world.

No sooner did the idea of having his likeness taken enter into my fertile brain, than, like a true daughter of Eve, I hastened to confide it to the dear partner of my joys and sorrows. He, dear soul, was delighted with the plan, and hastened to cap his approbation by giving me the funds for carrying out the enterprise.

My worthy sister, Kate, a renowned lover of herbage, poultry and baby flesh, was in the seventh heaven of happiness, in fact she neither ate, slept, or rested one minute in peace, till on an auspicious morning in March we marched off upon our unsuspicious journey.

Some hours were spent in visiting the many photographing firms of which our good town boasted, and a solemn and strict investigation of the talents of the artists, in order to determine as to the one most fitted to do baby justice. At last, after a tiresome march up five flights of painfully perpendicular stairs, and at the top thereof, a tiresome interview with the artists, we found them sufficiently self-satisfied as to their own capabilities for taking, not only all babies in general, but ours in particular.

Kate would fain have obtained a written certificate from the firm of Messrs. Dig & Delve, to the effect that they would bind themselves by a solemn oath to take her nephew's likeness over and over again till we were perfectly satisfied with the result, but those wise men shrewdly conjecturing that no picture, however lifelike, would satisfy a fond mother and an idolizing aunt, made no such promise, therefore we departed. But as we left the room, had their ears been very sharp, they might have heard Kate whispering rather loudly to me, that she had her own misgivings as to the individual talents of those men.

On arriving at our own residence, Kate immediately proposed that we should overhaul baby's not very extensive wardrobe, to see what would suit his complexion best for the important ceremony which was to take place the next day at ten A. M., and acting upon her suggestions, we robbed his chubby form in every garment he possessed; so very sweet did he look in them all, and so undecided did we become, that his frocks stood in great jeopardy of being worn out with the constant friction of hooking and unhooking, tying and untying, buttoning and unbuttoning.

Just as I had decided on a scarlet dress, fantastically braided with fiery serpents coiling themselves in every conceivable form, Kate started up, and throwing each tiny garment from her, exclaimed triumphantly:

"I vote for his being taken naked!"

Such a sentiment from the lips of one whom I had ever considered a perfect model of chastity, so completely bewildered and astonished me, that I began to think she had lost her senses, and with this belief came dreadful visions of a heavy bill payable by my poor mother at the lunatic asylum. Instinctively I looked round the room for some weapon wherewith to defend my most valuable life, in case her word should be followed by the usual signs of madness, an insane laugh, or still more awful, a wild glare of the eye; but to my infinite delight and relief no such symptoms appeared. She merely sat down by my side, and with hands meekly folded, and her voice tremulous with emotion, she set before me the great secret of her wish for having the child taken in so indecent a manner; it was that his beautiful white legs and feet might be seen to advantage, and she felt certain that any drapery would conceal them from view.

Candor obliges me to confess that I felt rather pleased than otherwise at the plan, but felt it my duty as a matron to frown down the idea. After some squabbling on the subject I made a compromise, that he might be taken in his shirt, and she was obliged to submit.

Breakfast was ordered to be due at least an hour earlier than usual, and, as a matter of course, was full two hours later; but directly it was dispatched we got ready for our journey. Baby was dressed and tucked into his sleigh along with a large assortment of toys, from a tin plate to a squeaking duck, besides various trinkets which Kate insisted on taking to keep the time from hanging heavily on the poor child's hands; but not content with what toys he did possess, the amiable creature spent a large amount of her quarterly pocket-money in buying more at every toy-shop we passed, so that when we arrived at our destination, had the people in the vicinity taken any notice of our armful of toys, they would have certainly been justified in concluding that we were about to establish a small toy-shop, to be supported by the public who daily bring their olive branches to have their chubby faces photographed on cardboard.

We had departed from our house at nine o'clock, and arrived at the scene of action just as the town clock chimed eleven, the distance between the two places being not a quarter of a mile, the intermediate time having been spent in buying toys for baby's especial benefit.

After carrying my twenty-one pounder up the many flights of stairs before alluded to, my ardor for a return trip had considerably abated, and I ventured to hint at the propriety of leaving all the baubles that could not be carried up in one trip in the sleigh at the foot of the stairs, where, after an immense amount of pulling in front and propelling behind, we had lodged it in safety from the rabble of boys that are ever parading the streets of a town.

But my energetic relative by no means entertained the same ideas, for, after casting a glance of withering contempt on me for my want of energy, she dashed off, and in two trips laid the results of her morning's shopping in a large heap on the floor.

Just as Mount Vesuvius for some time before the eruption which proved so fatal to Pompeii gave signs and tokens of its coming struggle, so did my son on that morning show a marked restlessness of disposition, which only waited for circumstances to be fully developed.

On me devolved the rather delicate task of informing Messrs. Dig & Delve of our indecent wish that baby should be photographed, if not in native simplicity, the very next thing to it, in a short flannel shirt.

I must say those well-conducted men received the information as calmly as if they had taken an unlimited number of infants in that airy costume; and I taking courage from their stoical indifference, boldly disrobed my son and placed him on the floor in full blaze of the photographing apparatus.

I had always been taught from my birth to regard Kate as a perfect specimen of sober good

sense, and so much had this become a habit, that it took not a little to shake my faith in her wisdom, but on that day it certainly received some very rude shocks, and I may be forgiven for saying that she appeared to me a bore, for first, as the artists were in the very act of taking the likeness, she rushed forward and suggested, with an air of superior wisdom, whether a small tub could not be placed by his side, as he would look so natural, as if emerging from his bath. It never appeared to strike her mind that a child eight months old would be remarkably precocious to be taking a bath unaided by mother or nurse.

But the plan was crushed, owing to the fact that Messrs. Dig & Delve, not being in the habit either of getting up their own linen or taking a bodily bath in their picture-rooms, were totally unable to produce a tub for his accommodation. I solemnly believe that had Kate been able to raise the required funds, she would then and there have pounced on the errand-boy, and sent him out to buy a bath.

Baby, who soon grew tired of his limited domains, now cropt off, and stuck himself completely under a large sofa which stood at the further end of the room; with no little difficulty we dragged him out and set him again, but nothing would induce the boy to raise his large blue eyes to the camera.

In hopes of attracting his attention in the right direction, Mr. Dig stood before him and played a lively air on a violin. The result was an impromptu jig from baby, whose papa had for some time been instructing him in the art of keeping time to music.

The next experiment was a lighted torch of paper, which Delve waved about in a wild, convulsive manner, while Dig stood ready to make a dive at the camera, with the laudable intention of seizing on a quiet moment to take off the cap; but no such opportunity occurred; baby regarded the torch with great admiration, and made frantic grabs with his fat white hands to catch it, accompanying each fresh duck at the prize with screams and crows of the most exhilarating description.

Messrs. Dig & Delve were completely puzzled as to the best way of keeping the mercurial child quiet, and retired behind a small curtain gorgeously painted with winged insects to consult in private what they should do next.

In a few minutes the artists reappeared, and having failed to strike on any plan to engage his attention, were quite inclined to give him up to our talents.

Kate now glided forward; I had forgo ten to state that I had by main force kept her in the background up to this time; she now stood near the camera dangling a long black chain for which she knew baby had a deep veneration; he recognized it at once, and the sight of it and his beloved aunt put him in a frenzy of delight, which he showed by clapping his hands and swaying his fat body about in a whirlwind of happiness.

No other word but whirlwind would be expressive enough to describe his delight.

The squeaking duck was next produced, and made to squeak until every morsel of breath was squeezed out of the body; the most depressing results ensued; baby opened and shut his mouth in imitation of the duck.

Kate then mowed like a parcel of deserted kittens; baby did the same, and, finally, when she imitated a poor kitten in the agonies of death, he burst into a forty pound roar which showed us that we must seek a more lively plan of amusing him.

After a storm comes a calm, and after a cry that nearly raised the skylight off the building my son actually sat, as we thought, perfectly still, the cap was whisked off the glass, and the first of a long line of likenesses taken.

Dig & Delve dived hastily into a small dark closet, from whence issued a combination of the most evil odors that it was ever my misfortune to inhale; and while they were hid from view Kate, in her delight at the success, seized baby in her arms and nearly smothered him with kisses; she then kissed me, and it is my private opinion to this hour that the errand-boy was favored in like manner, but I could not swear to it in a court of justice.

After some seconds of almost painful suspense, out popped Delve, who said nothing, but maliciously cuffed the errand-boy, from which act I concluded that he was not satisfied with the likeness, though why he wreaked his vengeance on that poor boy puzzles me even yet, for, to my certain knowledge, he was at the other end of the room, meekly blowing the fire, when the "photo" was taken.

Dig now appeared, and, with a sigh of despair, disclosed to us that it was a failure, owing to baby having, unseen by us, opened his not over small mouth, thereby causing a cavity in his face large enough for a hen and her chickens to have found commodious shelter when hotly chased by a hawk.

Once more the child was put in a becoming attitude, and for some time all bore the promise of peace, but I certainly believe evil spirits were abroad that day, for at the very instant that the impression was being taken, a large quantity of snow came off the roof of the building with a noise like thunder, and in his second likeness baby, who had given a frightened jump, appeared to be taking his flight upward in rather a rowdy manner, having a little shirt on, a black chain round his neck, and a boot in one hand. Now, could he have dispensed with these very earthly articles, no doubt he would have been regarded as an angel winging his way to the upper world; but no one, however practical, could realize an angel laden in this manner, so we had to try him again.

Several other pictures were spoiled in various ways: once by the young scamp turning a somersault, and once by his taking it into his head to claw up his shirt in a manner that made me feel quite distressed, and had the effect of sending his aunt into a remote corner of the room, from

whence she emerged, after some minutes, with a very red face and confused manner.

I now thought that he and I had better be taken together, and this idea meeting with cordial assent from the harassed artists, we were both ensconced in a large chair, and as baby sat quite still, with the exception of bestowing sundry kicks on me, which subsided into gentle friction in a few minutes, the likeness was taken.

Again Dig & Delve scudded into the dark closet, and after some splashing of water and dashing about on their part, they returned, inviting me courteously to gaze on myself and offspring.

My readers, I never was conceited—I had always considered myself very plain though not hideous, but I certainly did feel startled as the apparition of ugliness burst on my view. The baby was annoyingly good, no likenesses could have been more perfect; but I appeared as a more than commonly ugly and dark negro woman, sitting with a satisfied grin on my face, which seemed to say, "Though I am black, I have managed to raise a white child!"

I faintly begged them to convey the odious spectacle out of sight, and said I would rather have him taken in a chair alone.

This time we dressed him, and Messrs. Dig & Delve insisted on hanging over the chair a tablecloth perfectly covered with all sorts of vegetable matter and herbage, to say nothing of gorgeously tinted flowers. Both Kate and myself protested loudly at the vulgarity of the covering; but on being assured that the said mass of vegetation would take a sober gray color, we gave in, though Kate kept whispering to me that she had her own misgivings. I had mine, but felt too tired and depressed to wrangle on the subject.

When they told me to look at the likeness I was in despair; the sight of my baby's innocent face rising out of a perfect forest of vegetable matter, even though it was all the same tint of Quaker ray, quite upset me, and I exclaimed, in a fretful tone, "I knew it would be a failure!"

Dig & Delve gazed at me, in mild reproof to their taste. The scenery in this last picture was sublime.

Let me describe it more fully: large roses bloomed on all sides, and what appeared to be a very healthy cauliflower sprouted in luxuriant abundance out of his head, to say nothing of ferns from each ear, and a mass of small flowers at his elbows.

Kate, being of a romantic turn of mind, did not object to the ferns and flowers, but objected strongly to the cauliflower. So after some little delay, arising from having to convince our artistic friends that the scenery bordered too much on a market garden, the gay cover was removed, and baby was placed on a hair-stuffed chair, which, like all chairs of the kind, was tacked down with small buttons. These my boy made it his especial business to uproot, and in spite of all we could say, kept his fat body doubled together in a stooping attitude, presenting to the camera the appearance of the smallest hump of a camel's back. To remedy this disaster, Mr. Dig most obligingly turned himself into a variety of ferocious animals, namely: a bear, with a bass growl; a wolf, with a dismal howl; a lion, with a mighty roar; and a bloodhound, with a deep bay; but all with the same result; and had he gone on till doomsday to imitate every animal known to enter the ark, it would have done no good in point of raising baby from his stooping posture, for the more Mr. Dig growled, howled, barked, roared, bayed, the more industriously did the child pluck away at those wretched buttons.

At last my son raised his head in search of other amusements; but this time, finding nothing to attract his volatile mind, he showed only an alarming tendency to slip off the chair, which, I must say, was constructed rather on the glacier principle. This last symptom involved the talents of Mr. Delve, who went behind the chair, and artfully concealing his hand from view, held baby firmly on his slippery throne; but he by no means admired this cheek upon his freedom, but fought so valiantly with his unseen enemy that it was perfectly and utterly useless to hope for a quiet mood.

A Methodist hymn was now proposed, in the hope that under its soothing influence the young recreant might be lulled to rest. The errand-boy was pounced upon, and ordered by his employers to tune up, and whether it was the recollection of the cuffs before alluded to, or the fear of receiving a fresh batch in case of another failure, I cannot say, but he managed to throw an amount of such wild pathos into his strain that made it, without exception, the most dismal dirge I ever listened to.

As far as baby was concerned, a dose of that most excellent thing, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, could not have worked a greater miracle, for he began to show evident signs of sluggishness, and lay perfectly passive while verse after verse of "Rest for the Weary" was wailed out.

This time his photograph was charming; he was represented lying back in the large chair with a look of delicious rest on his face, a sleepy expression in his great blue eyes, one finger was in his mouth, and a pretty white foot peeped out from under his frock; altogether his whole appearance seemed to say: "I have tired you all out, and now feeling very tired myself, think it high time to take a rest."

A sigh of genuine relief burst from the whole party, and was loudly echoed by the errand-boy, who began to hope he might now find rest (I am sure the poor little wretch was weary enough).

It took Kate no little time to collect her nephew's toys and pack them up, which she insisted on doing with the greatest precision. At last, that task being performed, we took our departure, and were joyfully bowed out by the much worried firm of Dig & Delve. I chanced to look back on leaving the room and saw those two gentlemen standing together making mutual grimaces of satisfaction at our exodus; and still

DR. PALLON, a French physician, has discovered that ammonia inhaled through the nose will cure a cold in the head. If the case is severe, the inhalation should be continued until the sense of smell is restored, when it should cease for a minute, and then be reapplied for a short period, and so repeated seven or eight times in the course of five minutes.



GRAND DRESS REHEARSAL AT PIKE'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, CORNER OF TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND EIGHTH



T AND EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, PREVIOUS TO ITS OPENING, ON THURSDAY, 9TH INST.—SEE PAGE 282

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.

The great experiment in the theatrical line has begun. On Thursday, January 9th, 1868, Pike's new Opera House was opened to the public with the Italian opera of "Il Trovatore." This Opera House has been built in defiance of the managerial sentiment that no theatre can do well that is not situated on Broadway, therefore Mr. S. N. Pike, lately of Cincinnati, must have a great deal of courage to risk a million dollars in the erection of a gorgeous temple to Theatopia in the western part of this city. The enterprise, undertaken so long ago as October, 1866, and which, in its progress, has encountered and overcome many serious obstacles, has at length reached a satisfactory consummation, and nothing is apparently wanting in respect to architectural finish, elaborate and gorgeous decoration, and substantial workmanship, to establish its superior merits in the public mind.

A massive marble building upon the corner of Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue marks the entrance to the auditorium, which is situated about midway between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, and at a distance of one hundred and eleven feet west of Eighth avenue, with a length of one hundred and eighty-five feet, and eighty feet wide. The height of the auditorium from floor to ceiling is seventy feet, containing parquet, parquet circle, dress circle and family circle, comfortably seating two thousand six hundred persons. There are also twenty-seven dress circle boxes, ornamented with white and gold, which colors are the prevailing tints of the proscenium, and the raised ornaments are unique and novel throughout the whole building, showing a tendency to elaboration in detail which is far from displeasing the observer.

But the most striking and attractive feature of the Opera House is the dome which surmounts the centre of the auditorium. In a diameter of thirty feet there is an inner gallery for purposes of promenade, and in this are placed eight papier-mache figures in statuettes, each bearing a cluster of burners. A cupola of octagonal form surmounts the dome, and through beautifully stained glass windows the "daylight softened falls upon the gilded scene below." This dome, affording by day sufficient natural light to fill all parts of the building, and by night a brilliant artificial light, becomes at once one of the most useful and ornamented features of the theatre. The decorations of the ceiling, elaborate and beautiful, form the crowning glory of the picture. Upon a beautifully blue groundwork and encircling the dome are eight frescoed figures, representing the Muses, and executed in tinted colors, forming a spirited and pleasing contrast to the prevailing white and gold tints of the remainder of the theatre. The other portions of the ceiling are frescoed with charming patterns, the whole presenting a most glowing and enjoyable scene from the parquet and dress circle.

The stage is larger than any other in the city, with one exception; the floor is substantially and firmly built; the traps and the mechanical appliances, of the most elaborate character and description. The stage machinery is located in the sub-cellar, which is thirty-two by forty feet, and twenty-three feet high; the floor is substantially and firmly constructed of the best timber in the market, and the traps, ten in number, and mechanical adjuncts, are of the most elaborate character and description.

An excellent feature consists in the arrangement of the bridges which are used so frequently upon the stage, which here can be constructed without the aid of blocks and carpenter's horses. At the rear and on each side of the stage are the customary suspended galleries for the management of the scenery. The vastness of the stage leaves ample room for the most elaborate display of scenery, and the preparation of this has been attended to in a careful and successful manner.

The scenery is adapted to every class of musical and dramatic representation. The drop curtain represents the landing of Columbus, and is a model both in design and execution. Unusual attention and labor have been bestowed upon the scenic decorations, and the result will doubtless prove as satisfactory to the public as to the artist who executed them. The scenery and flats are so arranged that, as at the Academy of Music, they can be shifted entirely out of the way, to accommodate the disciples of Terpsichore, and with a rise or temporary floor placed over the parquet a ball-room sufficiently large to accommodate six hundred persons can be improvised in a few hours.

"My Murderer's Name Is—" OR, THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"I had suffered great anxiety of mind for two months previous to the maturity of my note, for I knew M. Vidal was ill-disposed toward me, and I feared that he would take some steps to disavow it me publicly. I had then recourse to a means of obtaining money, which is not now, and is frequently resorted to, in desperate cases, by the young men of Paris—a means, by-the-way, which is but seldom crowned with success. Early in October I disposed of various jewels and works of art, which I had saved, up to this time, from my different shipwrecks. I borrowed twenty-five louis from one friend, thirty from another, and in this manner succeeded in accumulating three thousand five hundred francs, with which sum I went to Spa, where they play roulette and rouge et noir. I staked a thousand francs at the gambling-table, and, thanks to a scheme which I devised, I won near ten thousand francs in two days."

The judge manifested total incredulity, but Savari did not appear to perceive the effect produced by his words, but continued:

"From Spa I went to Germany, stopping at Baden, Homburg and Wiesbaden, and was as fortunate in my play in all these places as I had been at Spa. In a word, sir, after an absence of a few days, I returned to Paris on the 15th of October with a sum sufficient to reimburse my creditors. This is my story: it is simple enough in points of fact, but, unfortunately for me, like everything simple, it appears at the first glance extremely complicated."

"It does appear extremely complicated, sir. This statement has no value in my eyes, and will be of no value to you, since it is not susceptible of proof."

"I beg your pardon, it may be easily proved that I left Paris early in October, that I went to Spa and stopped at a hotel near the salons of the Kurssaal—the Orange Hotel, I think it is called, where my name will be found on the register. At Baden I occupied a room in the Hotel Victoria,

and at Homburg in the Hotel Belle Vue. I can also prove that I returned on the 15th to Paris."

"But how are you to bring evidence of winning fifty thousand francs?"

"That is more difficult, I admit. Nevertheless, many persons saw me play and win large sums."

"Germans, doubtless, Belgians, strangers—unknown people. Where will you find them?"

"Good Heavens, sir!" said Savari with a shadow of impatience in his tone, as if wounded at the magistrate's persistence in doubting his word, "when I was seated, in Germany, at the roulette table, I could hardly have divined that on my return to Paris I should be arrested as a murderer, and that, to protect my liberty, and perhaps my life, it would be requisite to prove my success at cards! Could I have foreseen all this, I should have had a formal statement drawn up every night of my winnings, and had its truth attested by the dealers!"

Without replying to this ironical remark, when the perfect imperturbability of the accused had been for the first time disturbed, M. Goubert rose and turned to Savari:

"My clerk," said he, "will read you the minutes of this interview, and will then require your signature to the statement."

"I am at your service, sir," said Savari, who drew his chair close to that of the clerk, and gave him the strictest attention.

During the reading of the document, which lasted more than half an hour, and which Savari did not interrupt by a single observation, M. Goubert remained buried in thought. He could not but admit to himself that thus far his efforts to penetrate the mystery which enshrouded the tragedy of the Rue de la Paix had been unsuccessful—in fact, the mystery appeared to be deepening. His suspicions had rested on Albert Savari as the only person on whom they could reasonably fall, and yet this man was escaping from him. Yes, he was escaping, or would do so soon, for at the best, none save negative evidence had been obtained against him. To his interrogatories, Savari had not, it is true, always returned satisfactory answers, but none of his replies in any way condemned him. If he had given no certain proof of his innocence, at least he had betrayed no sign of guilt.

M. Goubert had the right, according to the letter of the law, and without acting against his conscience, to keep Savari still under arrest, but he felt that the evidence against the man was not sufficient to subject him to a trial.

"Sir," said Savari to the clerk, when the report had been read, "you have taken down the questions and answers with the utmost exactitude, and I am quite ready to subscribe my name to the document."

Then, after having signed it, he rose, took his hat from the mantel, and turning to M. Goubert, awaited his orders.

"Sir," said the magistrate, evidently ill at ease, "I fear that I shall require to question you further; meantime I am obliged to keep you under arrest."

Albert Savari made no reply, but bowed in silence.

"But," added M. Goubert, "you shall not be placed in solitary confinement."

"Solitary confinement has no terrors for me," said the accused. "At my time of life, one does not object to having time for reviewing the past and musing on the future."

Turning to his clerk, and to indicate that the interview was at an end, M. Goubert requested him to inform the persons in attendance that M. Savari was ready to leave.

Savari had been permitted to enter the office as a gentleman, and was allowed to depart in a similar manner; the officers were to await him on the stairs.

As soon as the door was closed upon him, Julia Vidal, who had so faithfully kept her word, and had not interrupted by a sound or gesture this, to her vitally interesting interview, came out from her place of concealment, and advanced, pale and grave, to within a few steps of M. Goubert. There she stopped short, and, extending one arm in the direction of the door, she exclaimed:

"The man who has just left this room—the man whom you have just interrogated, is the assassin of my husband!"

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER he had recovered from the shock of hearing the man whom he believed innocent so vehemently accused, M. Goubert endeavored to convince Julia that her grief rendered her unjust, and that her desire to avenge her husband induced her to read guilt in every face.

But to all of his arguments she had but one reply:

"I am not deceived—I am sure that I am not deceived."

"Did you perhaps discern in the attitude, looks or words of the accused, anything which may have escaped me?"

"Nothing."

"Then on what do you base, not your suspicions, but your conviction?"

"On nothing, and yet on everything. If this man were innocent, why should I experience such singular emotions on hearing his name, and which were increased tenfold when I saw him and when he spoke?"

"You are an Italian, madame, and consequently more or less of a fatalist."

"It is possible, sir, but I am logical in this matter. How could I be thus affected by a person whom I do not know, whom I have never before seen? He is guilty, sir; I tell you he is guilty!"

And her gestures, the tones of her voice, her sparkling eyes, all combined to sustain this strange accusation. She was gloriously beautiful as she stood thus, and might have served as a model for some priestess of old Italy, bringing her griefs to the people against some profaner of the sacred temple.

While he was talking to Julia a man entered the room, and handed a note to the judge.

"Is he there?" inquired the magistrate, after glancing at the paper presented to him.

"Yes, sir."

"Admit him."

In a moment M. Vibert was introduced, and as in his letter to the Marquis of X—, Peer of France, he drew his own portrait, we shall not describe him here.

"You desire to speak to me?" said M. Goubert, as the police agent bowed respectfully.

"Yes, sir; I wish to receive your orders about the murder in the Rue de la Paix."

"Do you know all the details of the tragedy?"

"Pretty nearly, sir; I was among the first to enter the chamber after the discovery of the crime."

"True; I remember now that you were mentioned in the report made to me by the commissioner of police of the section of the Tuilleries, and I think that he also alluded to some suspicions which you then entertained."

"They were perfectly unfounded and absurd, sir, and I am heartily ashamed of them," said Vibert, casting a glance full of repentance on Madame Vidal. Those suspicions were entertained but for a moment; they now rest on a totally different person."

"Ah! on whom?"

"On the same person whom you suspect, and whom you arrested yesterday—on Albert Savari."

"There is the report of the examination to which he has been subjected to-day; read it attentively."

Vibert took the now vacant seat of the clerk, arranged his blue glasses firmly upon his nose, placed his elbows on the table, buried his head in his hands, and was soon completely absorbed in the document, while Julia and the judge continued their conversation.

"Well, what do you think now?" inquired M. Goubert, when a quarter of an hour afterward, Vibert rose from his chair.

"May I speak frankly, sir?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I think the result of this paper will forbid your subjecting the accused to a trial."

"I am of your opinion; it will be requisite to discharge him on the ground of no evidence."

"In case nothing new should be brought forward against him."

"Can you furnish any new facts?" inquired the judge, in a tone of deep interest.

"No, sir; but I shall seek and shall find them."

"That is, always provided you are on the right track, and that M. Savari is guilty."

"He is guilty!" suddenly cried Julia Vidal, who had not lost a word of this conversation.

"Ah!" exclaimed the police agent, turning abruptly toward the lady; "then you, too, madame, are convinced of the guilt of this man!"

"I am perfectly sure of it!"

"Bravo!" cried Vibert, forgetting the presence of the magistrate in his burst of joy. "Bravo! then Savari is lost. I am certain of being able to find proofs against him."

M. Goubert could not avoid a glance of curiosity at this strange police agent, who had so much frankness and enthusiasm in the exercise of a profession in which coolness and dissimulation are the usual stock in trade.

"Doubtless, sir," remarked Vibert, after a few moments' reflection, "you found M. Savari a strong-minded man, and if so it will be useless to retain him longer in prison."

"Why?"

"Because a man of his force of mind and character will not be affected by a few days or weeks in prison. It is useless to hope either that he will make any one his confidant while there. This happens with many, but it will never do so with him."

"Well, what conclusion do you come to in all this?"

"If you will permit me to advise, sir, I should say it would be better to give him his liberty at once."

"What would be gained by that? Do you think he would be more likely to betray himself when free? Would he not rather take the alarm, fear a re-arrest, and quit the country?"

"I think not, judge; if it were a question of absconding he would have left immediately after committing the crime, always supposing of course that he was the murderer. He must have relied on his acuteness and self-possession for safety. Besides, Savari is a true Parisian, who could not exist away from his native city, and who would rather be in danger than be expatriated. It is not alone in his sphere either that we remark this peculiarity; how many malefactors, who would be in perfect safety in a foreign country, risk their liberty and even their lives to come and breathe the air of Paris, which seems so necessary to their lungs. I adopt the theory that Savari is guilty, and I reason as he must have done. 'I have committed a crime which may send me to the scaffold; what line of conduct shall I adopt? Shall I leave here at once?' No; that would be an admission of my guilt. If I am caught en route, which is possible, it is all over with me. If I am not, I shall vegetate in a foreign land without any means of subsistence. It is better for me to remain in Paris, take the risk of being arrested, and rely upon my intelligence and acuteness to get me safely out of the difficulty.' And this he did. Besides," continued Vibert, after taking breath, "when once he is set at liberty I will not lose sight of him for a moment, yet he shall not suspect that he is being watched."

The magistrate, with his large experience of human nature, felt at once that Vibert would prove an invaluable ally. It is of course unusual for a judge to confer directly with police agents, and to assign them special duties, but this was a peculiar case, and the personal intervention in his favor of a peer of France induced M. Goubert to make an exception of M. Vibert.

"Then you are sure of success?" he asked, turning to the protégé of the Marquis of X—.

"If Savari be guilty," Vibert replied, without a moment's hesitation, "I am sure of being able to bring you the proofs of his guilt. But I have certain conditions to make."

"Well, what are they?" inquired the judge, who was becoming accustomed to the original manner of Vibert.

"In the first place the accused must be set at liberty at once. Then, official information should be sent to the principal daily journal, announcing the fact that a single examination has established his innocence. This will put him off his guard, and he will be less cautious in his speech and his actions. After this I must be allowed full liberty and ample resources to conduct any investigations without question or limit."

"I will make known your requirements to those in power."

"Then, sir," said Vibert, "it only remains for me now to take my leave of you;" and turning to Julia, he added, "Madame, I may soon require your assistance. Will you have the kindness to give orders for my admission whenever I may call at your house?" and bowing profoundly, he quitted the room.

CHAPTER IX.

VIBERT'S several requirements had been undoubtedly complied with, for on the next day the following report appeared in the government organ:

"M. Albert Savari, who, as we informed our readers yesterday, was suspected of the murder in the Rue de la Paix, and who was arrested in consequence, was set at liberty after an investigation, which left not a doubt of his innocence. We have it also, on the highest authority, that the officials are now in pursuit of the real criminal, who has thus far escaped detection by concealing himself in a foreign country."

The truth of this article was not for a moment questioned, and all the opposition journals (it will be remembered that this was just before the revolution of February) did not fail to represent Savari as the victim of a heartless judicial error. Vibert rubbed his hands in delight as he read the comments, and felt sure that Savari would feel himself perfectly secure, and would betray some evidence of guilt under the close espionage to which he resolved to subject him.

Three days after Albert Savari had been arraigned before the judge, a man of about thirty, with an easy and most respectable manner, and wearing blue eye-glasses, and numerous foreign decorations, presented himself at Madame Vidal's residence and announced his name as M. Vibert.

Marietta, who had already received her orders, admitted him at once, and summoned Julia.

Without preamble, Vibert said to her:

"Madame, you doubtless are aware through the evening papers that Albert Savari has been set at liberty?"

"Yes, sir; I perceive that M. Goubert has followed your suggestions. What is to be done next?"

"I want your aid now, madame."

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours."

"It is well, sir," said Julia, impressively; "my duty, my sole aim and end in life is to execute the last wish of my husband—to avenge his murder. I have been told that I might trust you implicitly, and I do so; you may command me, body and soul."

"Then, madame, we shall surely succeed," ejaculated Vibert, joyously; "we will succeed," he repeated, grasping her hands within his own. She permitted this without manifesting the slightest astonishment or repugnance. Vibert was in her eyes neither a man nor a police agent; she saw in him only an ally, and an instrument of vengeance.

They were seated face to face, and Vibert continued:

"After three days of reflection, do you still consider Albert Savari the assassin of your husband?"

"I do," she cried, "and so do you!"

"You are right; my doubts have almost become certainties, and yet I have no tangible proofs of his guilt, and these we must have."

"How are they to be obtained?"

"Through your aid."

"Consider it given."

"Madame, you will need great energy, great patience."

"I have both."

"You will be obliged to conquer the strongest natural prejudices."

"I will conquer them."

"The plan which I have conceived will appear to you odious, insensate, horrible; you will at first reject it."

"If it promises success, be it what it may, I shall adopt it."

"Listen, then."

"I am all attention." And that she should not lose a word, she seated herself on the sofa at Vibert's side.

Any one to have seen them would have pronounced them lovers whispering tenderest vows.

"In the first place, you must know, madame, that I have not lost sight of Albert Savari since his discharge from custody. For the last three days I have watched his every movement, and now, while I am here, a man whom I can trust is subjecting him to the same surveillance. Since I saw you last, too, I have collected all possible information on concerning his past life, and you will pardon me certain details, madame, but I find that Savari has never yet been seriously in love."

"What is that to us?" inquired Julia.

"It is very important, madame, as you will be convinced if you will follow me attentively."

"Continue."

"Savari has never been in love. His imagination has frequently been excited, his affection never. Do I make myself understood by you, madame?"

"Perfectly so," said Julia, astonished at the refinement of manner and expression of the strange agent of police, for she was ignorant of certain details in the life of Vibert with which his letter to the Marquis of X—has already made the reader familiar.

"There has been but one woman with whom Savari's name is associated—a woman who formerly occupied a high position in society, but with whom the police are now familiar. Madame Pelagie d'Erment has lost her social status, but she still maintains her taste for luxury, which is procured by means of giving tea or supper parties."

"I do not understand you," said Julia.

"True, madame, you are not acquainted with the peculiarities of Parisian life. A woman who gives 'tea' parties, draws around her several times a week, two or three lady friends, who, of course, are young and pretty. Then she drops a note of invitation to her male acquaintances. 'You will see Cora,' she writes to one; 'you will find the beautiful Olympia here,' she tells another; come and pass the evening with me and bring your friends.' They talk and laugh and drink tea; then some of the ladies suggest cards. Just a game or two, and the stakes not to exceed a few francs. 'Come and sit beside me,' suggests Olympia to an admirer; 'I will bring you luck; you will be sure to win.' So the young man seats himself as he is bidden; his friends do likewise; they draw a few louis from their pockets, which are speedily lost, while the stakes are increased at each succeeding game. And at five in the morning, although large sums have been upon the table, no person appears to have won; the mistress of the house having adroitly slipped away sufficient to pay for her entertainment."

"I understand you now," said Julia.

"Well," continued Vibert, "among the men who attend these parties, some are initiated into the secrets of the house. They know it is well not to bet heavily when Cora is banker, and that Olympia's deals are rarely safe. Thus they seldom lose, and never fail to accept Madame Erment's invitations, who finds them useful in animating timid players, and in doubling up the stakes. These details will convince you that the relation existing between Savari and the lady is a mere question of pecuniary interest. I was right, therefore, in saying to you that Savari has never formed a serious attachment for any woman, since the only one with which he is charged does not exist."

"What do you deduce from this?" said Julia, with a tinge of impatience in her tone, for she could not divine the drift of Vibert's conversation.

"I conclude, that precisely because Savari has never loved, he is all the more likely to experience the passion."

"Well, with whom do you wish him to fall in love?"

"With you, madame!"

"With me?"

"Yes, with you!"

Julia could not realize that she had heard aright.

"This is the only way to arrive at the truth. Savari does not know you personally; he could not distrust you, therefore. You will win his love, you will be a part of his life, his past will become known to you, and sooner or later you will unmask him. With so skillful an adversary as ours, no ordinary measures can succeed. You must be the Delila to this modern Samson. You must cut his locks and hand him over to the Philistines."

"But this project is monstrous," cried Julia.

"I admit it."

"It can never be realized."

"With your concurrence it can and shall be realized!"

"I should require superhuman courage."

"It will be given to you."

"I should betray myself."

"Never. If you adopt my plan you will have but one thought: to succeed. It is Savari who will betray himself, and your husband will be avenged!"

And as Julia, pale, feverish, and breathless, did not answer, Vibert rose, took up his hat and cane, and moved toward the door.

"Madame," said he, "I will return to-morrow, at the same hour, and if you then tell me that you will adopt my plan, I will explain it more fully."

"But —," said Julia, endeavoring to detain Vibert.

"I will be here to-morrow," he said, and left her.

Cure for a Bachelor's Kinks.

MR. CHARLES HURLBUT was just as full of kinks as he could be. They were plainly visible in walk, manner and conversation. His mother was kinky before him, and then, too, he was an only child, with the privilege of observing and following the maternal example to an unlimited extent.

Now Mr. Hurlbut had lived to the ripe age of thirty-five without ever giving a thought to matrimony, save in its condemnation, when suddenly he awoke one morning to find his mother, who had been a widow some years, in a dying condition, and just able to inform him that she had fulfilled his expectations by bequeathing to him the whole of a very nice estate.

So Hurlbut, with every cent of his mother's money, and every identical one of his mother's kinks, found himself in possession of a large establishment, and servants enough to form a regiment.

Now Charles was an eminently practical man, and believed that every circumstance of life should

be measured by the rule of consistency, and that all sentiment and foolish speculations in regard to love were the offsprings of insanity or imbecility.

Mr. Hurlbut realized, from the depths of his philosophical soul, that a man was perfectly unfit, by nature and education, for domestic and culinary management, and arguing that a housekeeper's interest would only consist in the comforts of a present abiding-place and the wages she would receive, concluded that a wife was inevitable, and he determined to advertise, as the most sensible and expeditious way of securing a manager who would be sufficiently interested to conduct his affairs with the precision and regularity they had, since his earliest recollection, received.

His advertisement read thus: "Wanted—a wife. A lady, respectfully connected, quick at figures, neat and methodical, will find a husband and a first-class home by sending name and address to C. H., — Office. A lady light complexioned, and one playing a good game of euchre preferred."

His mother, you see, was light complexioned and very fond of euchre; so our matter of fact friend intended to unite wife, mother and housekeeper, and, like many another lord of creation, make his own pleasure and comfort a woman's first and greatest interest.

But Mr. Charles Hurlbut was taken in, as I intend to inform you, and more than several of his natural and acquired kinks straightened out.

"Well! I'll be blessed if this is not the queerest matrimonial advertisement that I ever read," ejaculated brightly little Katie Cathcart, with a merry laugh, which had a musical jingle about it very pleasant to the ear. "Now hold your tongue, Net. I vow I'll answer that, if I die in the cause. 'Quick at figures!' The idea! I wonder if the gentleman intends his other half to act as book-keeper? Well! I am *that*, any way; 'neat and methodical,' too. 'Light complexioned;' I can fill that part of the bill to perfection," glancing at the sweet reflection of herself in the mirror opposite. "And you know, Net, no one can beat me at euchre when I have both bowers, ace and king in my hand."

"For mercy's sake, you are not in earnest, Kate?" said her sister, in great apparent alarm, finding that the vixen had really seated herself, with portfolio, pen and ink. "You do not realize how dreadfully disgraceful such performances are. Men who advertise for wives do it, first, for the pleasure of receiving answers and finding out for their own gratification how many silly women there are in the world. Don't do it, Katie."

"Hold your tongue, Nettie. There is something about these few printed lines that leads me to believe the man is in earnest. Look at it yourself critically; there is no fawning sentimentalism about it; but just this, and no more: A gentleman has a large establishment, and he wants a wife capable of keeping accurate accounts, and doing things up brown generally, and I'm just the cheese."

"When will you ever drop slang phrases, Kate? Don't you suppose that one interview with a sensible man would be sufficient to convince him that you not only lack age and discretion, but refinement also?" and the sad eyes were turned pleadingly toward the little rocker, where Kate sat scratching away, entirely unconscious of the last question so earnestly asked.

"Didn't you say something a moment ago, Nettie?" inquired Kate, innocently, after having sealed and directed her little perfumed billet-doux. "I suppose it was a scolding, so you needn't repeat it. 'But, seriously, Nettie, if a man, that is to say a decent-looking man, with a nice house, and plenty of means, should ask me to-day to be his wife, and thus rid myself and you, Nettie, of the everlasting toil, write, write, write, I would marry him to-morrow.' I abominate drudgery, and so do you also, if you speak the truth, and I only hope the advertiser will call on me; and you will see what you will see, Miss Net. Gracious! I'd make myself just as fascinating, and I would charm him into thinking that my superior in house-keeping, account-keeping, and all other keeping, couldn't be found on the globe."

"Oh, Kate! why did father and mother die, and leave us here alone? You are so headstrong and determined, and then I have no influence with you whatever. Kate, do listen to me this time," and the more cautious sister pleaded uselessly.

"Any other time but this time, sister mine. You are worse than any old grandmother, Nettie. Did any act of mine ever bring you in disrepute? You are sad, sober and sedate; I am rattlebrained, so you say; but the ludicrous side of life attracts me, spite of all your restraints, and I shall laugh and be merry, because the Lord intended it, I suppose. I am but nineteen, to be sure, and most certainly lack experience; but a few years of married life, account-keeping, and rocking cradles, will probably give me all that is necessary of that article. I am truthful, honest, well-disposed toward all God's creation, not very bad-looking either—do you think so, Nettie? and I feel every minute in the day that I am quite good enough for any man in America."

"Well! then, don't throw yourself away upon some one incapable of appreciating your great excellence," replied her sister, a little satirically.

"No ma'am; trust me for that; my husband must have an irreproachable business character. His morality, also, must stand the test of my scrutiny. He must be rich, of good family, and rather fine-looking—these are the qualifications, and if my advertiser possesses them, I am his, and his forever. You shall live with me, Nettie, and make yourself generally useful overseeing affairs, when husband and I go traveling, and finally fall in love (because you believe in that) with some brother or cousin of the proprietor. Heigho! won't that be some? I can hardly wait to move."

Mr. Hurlbut received letters innumerable from widows, young, and *bona-fide*, widows, grass, and

not quite so much so, old maids and maidens; but strange to say, Katie Cathcart's saucy little note attracted him more than all combined.

"Some sense there!" he argued. "A woman that can write a clear, bold hand like that, will keep the domestic machinery well cleaned and oiled, I dare be sworn. Then, too, she says she needs an aristocratic house; that's the way to talk it. 'And hasn't the remotest objection to a good-looking husband.' Whereupon Mr. Hurlbut surveyed himself very critically."

It was really the first time in his life he had ever cared whether his face and person were attractive or not, but now an observer could detect considerable uneasiness.

"Whiskers not bad," he murmured, "dark, rich and abundant. Let me see! mother used to speak favorably of my eyes, I believe; mouth most too large for beauty, I expect; but thank goodness my teeth are all sound, not a decayed one."

And after having taken an inventory of his charms and defects, he came to the conclusion, that although there might be handsomer men, yet he felt assured there were many uglier; and to his credit be it spoken, such was the case.

Arrayed in his best bib and tucker, an unexceptionable suit of black, feet patent-leathered, and hands green-kidied, he presented himself at the door of Kate's house with a strange flutter in his left side as novel as it was distressing.

He was shown into the parlor, and in a moment or two Katie came down, trying in vain to smooth out the tell-tale dimples which would, in spite of her great effort, whisper their own story of fun and ludicrous appreciation.

"You are well into the scrape now, Katie Cathcart, so just put a bold face on the matter, and see it through," she whispered to herself, with her hand on the door-knob. A glance sufficed to inform her that there was nothing amiss with his personal appearance, whatever other drawbacks there might be.

"You are the lady, I presume, who sent this note?" inquired Mr. Hurlbut, holding the tiny missive politely for examination.

"I am," she replied, with difficulty repressing a titter.

"I think, miss," the gentleman continued, glancing critically and admiringly at the blushing countenance of the little woman, "that I can suit you as far as means and a fine establishment go, also with recommendations and references as to respectability and moneyed position; but your note had a little specification concerning good looks," and Mr. Hurlbut smiled so cadaverously, and with so little self-esteem visible, that Katie burst out laughing.

"You must excuse me," said she apologetically, but really this is such an unprecedented affair, that it is really amusing. I have no fault to find with your personal appearance, sir, and have no doubt that everything else is as satisfactory."

"Then Miss Cathcart, the pleasure is mutual," he responded, for the first time in his life making a complimentary remark. "And now to business. Here are my references; you can take until to-morrow for your inquiries. I will then call, and if you find nothing derogatory, will drive you round to my house and show you the whole establishment."

At parting, hands were cordially shaken, but not before Katie had informed him that she should never step foot into anybody's house unless sister Nettie accompanied her. The affair was settled; everything proved to be as represented, and one month from that day, Miss Katie Cathcart became Mrs. Charles Hurlbut, and was not long in discovering that her liege lord was as full of kinks as a crampy limb, but Kate didn't care.

"Mother used always to make my bed, Mrs. Hurlbut, with her own hands, and I really wish you would attend to it hereafter. That is one of my peculiarities."

"One of your kinks, Mr. Hurlbut, you mean," said his wife, laughing. "But I will promise to make your bed now and hereafter, if you will tell me to-morrow evening how arranged it to-day."

There was no way for the gentleman to avoid it, so he said:

"Agreed," with a look on his countenance which said defeat as plainly as look could.

"Well, my dear, tell me now instantly," said Mrs. Hurlbut, the next morning, as, gay as a lark, she made her becoming toilet, "who made the bed yesterday?"

"You, Katie, darling," responded her husband, who in spite of his kinks was growing fonder of his beautiful wife every day.

"Oh, you queer, kinky, stupid old fellow, I never touched it," and Katie, who, with her large affectionate nature, loved her husband devotedly, pulled his luxurious side-whiskers, and buried her head in his neck, laughing:

Ah! brother Hurlbut, you have found your match, and I verily believe, in spite of the strange way you have become acquainted, it was made in heaven.

During the first year, it was true, Katie spent most of her time studying his idiosyncrasies, and only once during that time did they approach a quarrel. Mother was the Scylla and mother was the Charybdis, and Kate determined that she would stand no more unfavorable comparisons with her.

"Now, Nettie," she said to her sister one afternoon, "you must admit that, had I possessed the privilege of selecting a home and companion, I couldn't have suited myself better. There is nothing disturbs my equanimity but his everlasting allusions to his mother, and I am determined to put a stop to that before this week passes over my head."

Nettie smiled, but Nettie knew she was in earnest, and only remarked:

"Your husband in my opinion is far better than the majority of men. Don't expect perfection."

It so happened that very evening Mr. and

Mrs. Hurlbut sat in their pleasant library playing the favorite game of euchre.

"You play very well, Kate," said Charles, at the conclusion of a game when he had been most unmercifully beaten. "But when mother had a hand like that she always played thus," and he proceeded to show her very elaborately.

"Your mother used to play that way, did she, and let you beat her?" said his wife, laying down her cards, and folding her pretty hands on the table. "She is not living, you have informed me, therefore I shall speak and try to think of her very respectfully. Now, Mr. Hurlbut, your mother, when she was mistress of this establishment, had the most perfect right to play her domestic and other cards as she saw fit. God took her away from the chair of responsibility, and placed me in it; you have seen, Mr. Hurlbut, in your numerous games with me, that I am singularly fortunate in lone hands, and I have no doubt but I should be equally successful in going it alone through life. So, now, please remember that the time has come when I will no longer submit to disparaging comparisons with any one, and if you are not perfectly content with the selection you have made, it is not too late to rectify your mistake now."

"Why, Katie dear, what are you talking about? how very sensitive you are on certain subjects. You shall never be annoyed again if I can remember," and Katie was kissed fondly, and "mother" was only mentioned afterward in the legitimate and loving manner.

There is no happier couple I venture to say in New York city than Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hurlbut, and the gentleman's advice to all bachelors is, "Get married if you desire happiness;" and Katie adds, with an inimitable shrug of her fat, matronly shoulders, "Get married, bachelors, if you feel the slightest desire to have your kinks straightened out."

BARGAINING IN NAPLES.

THE diplomacy with which business transactions are conducted among what are called the Latin races, is well illustrated in the following story—scene Naples. Among all these races, prices are only regulated by the necessities of the buyer or seller; in no case by the actual or relative value of the thing sold:

"A countryman, with an aged cloak hung toga-wise over his shoulder, stalked with unconcerned air by the shop of a general vender of provisions. Within, seated at his ease, so-ming to think of nothing less than of business, sits the owner, his position barring the entrance of his *bottega*. A kind of start, and a loud expression of surprise and of pleasure, comes from the vendor."

"Spettabile Don Gennaro, how long it is since I have seen you?"

"Stimatissimo Don Giovannino, what a pleasure! take the trouble to come in."

"A thousand thanks; but I am going to Carotta."

"And how is it all with you up in the mountains?"

"Not so bad, thank the saints. How do you find trade?" (First parallel opened.)

"Very bad, dear Don Giovannino, very bad—what times!"

"What times, indeed, as you say. Apropos, what is the price of oil?"

(Oh, thinks the other, he wants to do some business, perhaps he has wheat to sell.)

"Oil, dear Don Giovannino; you see the oil trade is in that condition that the price is here to-day and there to-morrow."

"Ah, truly, Don Gennaro, and is it rising or falling?"

"Hard to say. Don Giovannino, if it were my father that asked."

"True, true, and the next crop still uncertain. Well, I salute you, worthy Don Gennaro."

"All the saints accompany you, dear Don Giovannino."

"By-the-by, you have not any bacon?"

"Not any."

"I thought I saw a fitch just there."

"Truly so, but it is sold—at least it is sold, but the gentleman has not come to pay for it."

"So you could spare a few roasts?"

"Well, to you I might."

"And the price?"

"Do you want some?"

"Well, that depends."

"Do you want it for yourself or for any one else?"

"Well, it all depends on the price—not that I war it at all, but it caught my eye. Addio, Don Gennaro."

To complete the conversation would occupy more space than the reader will care to find devoted to the subject; but the upshot is, that after some forty or fifty minutes devoted to this sort of beating about the bush, the man in the cloak buys the bacon that he had come expressly to purchase, and after the correction of two small errors in calculating the exact price, and in balancing the change, makes off with it, so carefully concealed in some hidden receptacle under his cloak that no one can detect his burden."

THE POACHER'S DOG.—A dog between a bulldog and a grayhound, or between a grayhound and a terrier, makes the best "husher," or poacher's dog. You may generally know a poacher's dog when you see him. He looks very sleepy in the daytime, and seems stupid for the want of a good night's rest. Moreover, he seems slyer and subtler than other dogs. There is too much of the Jesuit about him to enable him to pass for an honest dog, and he sulkily does the bidding of his master with the air of one who must either do it or die. He is seldom in good spirits, and when on some rare occasions he wags his tail he does it as if he were ashamed of himself. Poachers' dogs are employed, not for catching game, but for running into the nets. They are taught to scour a field in the darkest nights, and work all the hares and rabbits toward the nets in the gateway, or on the covert sides. Sometimes they are put to watch their master's net, and will fly at any one who attempts to interfere with it. They never give mouth under any circumstances, being too well trained to fall into that error. A Shroshire farmer once told us some good stories about a poacher's dog. He had been trained to run away from his master when called to approach him, and never to give mouth under any circumstance. Once upon a time this same poacher was before the magistrates, and the keeper tried to identify him by his dog. The animal was brought into court as the supposed property of the poacher. This he stoutly denied. He was told to call the dog to him, which he did, and immediately the terrified dog scampered out of court.

Mr. Bullock, of Bristol, R. I., aged nine-eight years, was lately saved from death by a pet cat, who saw the bed had taken fire, and comprehending the exigency of the case, broke a pane in the window, jumping out, and ran round to another window, broke a pane there and ran in, awoke another member of the family, and tore at the bedclothes until he got up and discovered the danger of his aged relative.

SINCE the commencement of this century no less than ninety-five asteroids or small planetary bodies belonging to our system, and revolving around the sun, have been discovered—the last on the 23d of November by Dr. Luther, of the observatory of Bilk, Düsseldorf, Germany. Fifteen of the whole number have been discovered by American astronomers.

PLUMS FROM PUNCH.



TOO LATE—BROWN HAVING LOST HIS HEART TEN MINUTES AGO!

U. S.

COLONEL NICHOLS, in his supplement to his "Story of the Great March," relates the following striking incident:

One morning in the month of February, 1865, a detachment of troops from Sherman's army were at work breaking railroad. This great host of fighters and

marchers had left the city of Savannah behind them, a gift of conquest to the nation. With giant strength, with noble endurance, with wondrous patience they had struggled waist deep through swamps which had been deemed impassable, they had built thousands of bridges, they had swum the treacherous streams, always in the face and fire of the desperate foe. They were well used to bending and twisting these strips of iron, destroying these great arteries of the life of the rebellion. They had left their mark all the way from Vicksburg, through Memphis across the mountains, over the hills and plains of Georgia, and now, in the uplands of South Carolina, they had reached the great

one present, all-powerful idea, unconsciously became prophets as well. Deft of hand and earnest of will, a party of workmen soldiers fashioned the white-heated rails into the two letters U S. With many a shout and stern exclamation, the earth was excavated at the exact point of centre at the great cross-roads. A massive framework of solid pine soon filled the cavity to the level of the way. To this foundation, with many a strap and spike, were fastened the iron letters symbolic of union, liberty, and law; and when it was all completed, and U S shone in the sun as if they had grown into

at the following results respecting the number and circulation of newspapers in the world. In round numbers, he states that there are 7,000 published in Europe; 5,000 in America; and 500 in Asia, Australia, etc. Of the above, 3,000 are issued daily, and assuming the average sale of each paper to be 2,000 copies, there are twelve millions copies of the newspapers printed daily.



THE HONEYMOON—FULL MOON.



BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER!

CLARA—"Oh, Laura! look at me! I've used all my 'Immoveable Gipsy Tint,' and there's no more to be got in the place!"

heart of the system, and the heart of disloyalty as well, where the great highways of trade and treason met and separated to their furthest bound. It was a still, sunny morning, of Sabbath quiet, that of which I write. Far away to the west the railroad track ran to a point, and was lost to the horizon's edge. All along the way was marked by light columns of smoke, which lazily lifted themselves into the misty air. About these swarmed thousands of men feeding the flame, or bending the heated iron into strange, fantastic shapes, as their fancy or accident might direct.

In the foreground of this scene there was enacted one of those solemn dramatic incidents which symbolized the nation's history, wherein the actors, impressed with

the soil, a rough, sunburned soldier of the West raised his weather-stained hat from his broad forehead, and with something of sadness and more of proud confidence, and yet with that sublimity of thought which is the voice of God speaking through the people, exclaimed, "There, boys, we've planted an iron seal right in the centre of rebellion. These fellows shall know that the United States Government has been here and left its mark."

M. EUGENE HATIN, who may be regarded as the historian and statistician of French journalism, aided by the collection of newspapers in the Paris Exhibition, and other sources of information, has arrived



THE HONEYMOON—FIRST QUARTER.



THE HONEYMOON—THIRD QUARTER.



THE HONEYMOON—NO MOON.



JONES—"Hullo! Brown, what's the matter with you and Mrs. Brown?"
BROWN—"Matter? Why do you know what they call us down here? They call us Beauty and the Beast? Now, I should like to know what my poor wife has done to get such a name as that."



THE DELIGHTS OF FASHION.—A CAUTION TO LADIES WHO HUNT IN CHIGNONS.

"Oh! Tom, help me! I'll never wear it again."

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

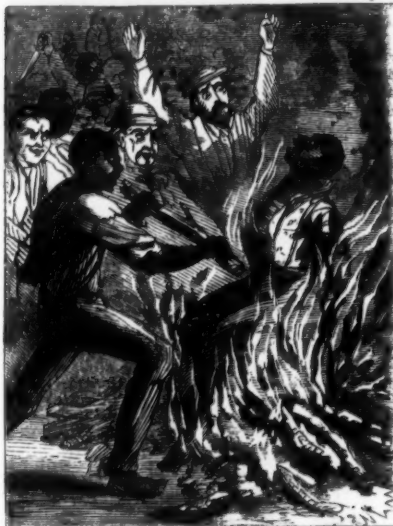
HOME INCIDENTS, &c.

Burning a Negro at the Stake.

From Augusta, Georgia, we receive a sketch and description of an act of hasty retribution which, in all its bearings, brings to memory the deeds of the dark ages. A negro having violated a white girl on the public road near Louisville, Jefferson County, Georgia, was arrested on the 22d of December and burned to death by a mixed crowd of whites and blacks. A stake of green oak was driven into the ground, to which the unhappy wretch was fastened by chains taken from a neighboring well, and quantities of dry cordwood, with pitch pine kindlings, heaped about him, and lighted. A gentle breeze fanned the flames and prevented the smoke from stifling him, and the crowd lighted poles at the fire and pushed the blazing ends against his quivering body. The rest of the details of this punishment are too horrible to relate; suffice it to say that in a quarter of an hour the wretch had ceased to suffer.

Rescuing a Young Lady from Floating Ice.

The mild weather succeeding Christmas Day had a very strong effect on the ice bridge over the Hudson River, between Troy and West Troy, causing it to give way on the 23d of December in the afternoon, carrying



BURNING A NEGRO AT THE STAKE.

a lady, who was crossing the river toward Troy, down the stream on a cake of ice. She screamed loudly for assistance, and her cries attracted the attention of Samuel Hill and Mr. Ogden, who launched a row-boat, and went to her aid. Owing to the large amount of floating ice these gentlemen incurred great personal risk in their adventure, and had several very narrow escapes in the perilous voyage. Finally they reached the lady, who was nearly dead from fright and nervous excitement, and the shore was safely gained some distance below the city.

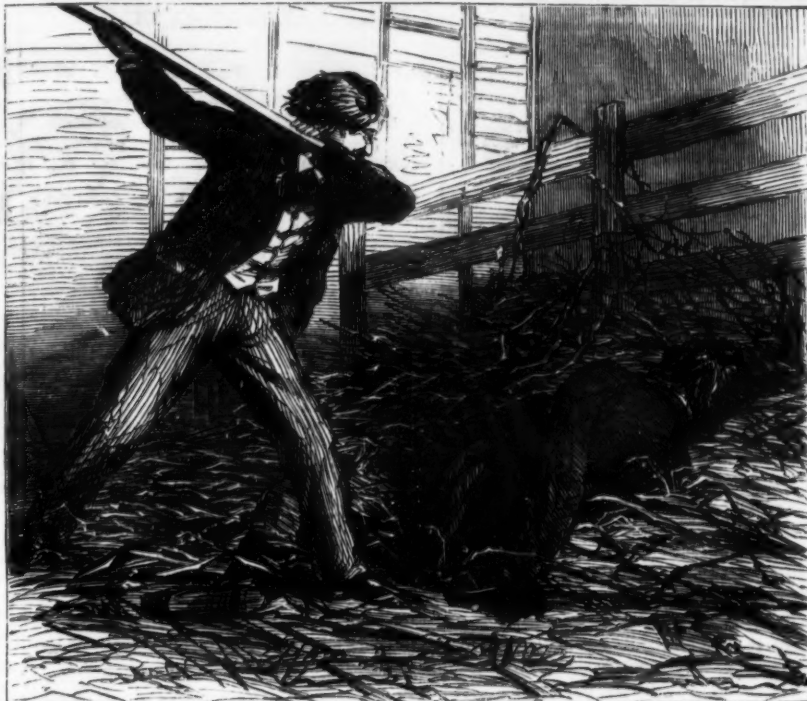
Murder of Congressman Hamilton by his Insane Son, at Marysville, Ohio.

On the 22d of December last, Honorable Cornelius S. Hamilton, a Member of Congress, representing the Eighth District of Ohio, was brutally murdered by an insane son, upon his own farm, at Marysville, Ohio. Thomas Hamilton, the parricide, who is about eighteen years of age, has always been considered as a harmless and inoffensive lad, and had won the esteem of a large circle of friends by his steady habits and amiable dis-



RESCUING A YOUNG LADY FROM FLOATING ICE, TROY, N. Y.

position. About three weeks previous to the horrible tragedy his mother noticed a marked change in his deportment, and became quite uneasy about him. Thomas himself grew alarmed at his condition, and felt that he was unusually nervous and irritable. He appeared to be laboring under some intense mental depression, and was so affected with his weakness that he wrote to his father, who was serving his first term in Congress, and urged him to come home immediately. This request was repeated by his mother, and as soon as official duties would permit the father returned, and inquired particularly into the habits and disposition of his son. Having weighed the matter carefully in his mind, and consulted with some personal acquaintances, Mr. Hamilton reluctantly consented to have Thomas removed to an insane asylum, hoping that in a few weeks at the furthest he would be sufficiently cured of his malady to permit a return to Marysville. On the day previous to that of the murder proceedings were instituted in the Probate Court to have Thomas sent to the asylum, but Mr. Hamilton did not obtain the requisite papers in time to take him on that day. At nine o'clock the following morning Mr. Hamilton said to his two eldest sons, Thomas and John, that they would go



MURDER OF CONGRESSMAN HAMILTON, BY HIS INSANE SON, AT MARYSVILLE, OHIO.

out to the field together and feed the cattle. They went, and after remaining a short time, Mr. H. bade John return to the house and prepare himself for Sabbath-school, remarking that he and Thomas would distribute the fodder. As John was about leaving the house for the school his mother went out on the porch, and saw Thomas coming to the house alone. He wore the same abstract expression that had been upon him for several weeks previous, but did not manifest any signs of ex-

secured by a neighbor, who, as Thomas was advancing on him with the uplifted ax clinched in both hands, seized the only alternative and jumped into him, head first, striking him in the breast while his arms were raised to give more force to the blow. Search was then instituted for the remains of Mr. Hamilton, for by this time those who had seen his furious conduct felt convinced that Thomas had inflicted fatal injuries upon him. As nothing definite could be ascertained concern-



HORSEMANSHIP ON THE CONEY ISLAND ROAD.

ing the manner of the tragedy, the only solution that could be formed was that Mr. Hamilton had been felled with a short fence rail, the blow coming upon him from behind and fracturing the skull. The body was found in the place where John had left them, and had been covered with corn fodder.

Horsemanship on the Coney Island Road.

The condition of the weather and ground several days ago was not the most favorable to horse-racing,



A BEAR ON THE RAMPAGE.

yet a very clever manoeuvre was executed on the Coney Island Course, which we have never seen described in any work upon horsemanship. Four amateur jockeys were taking an airing upon their favorite horses, and as the animals appeared unusually spirited, a short race was proposed by one of the party. The suggestion was accepted, and the horses drawn up in line. At a given signal they started off in good order, and dashed along the course at a pretty equal speed. The keenness of the air gave a relish to the sport, and for a time the riders seemed wholly absorbed in noting the excellent qualities of their animals. It so happened that a large cow was standing in the middle of the race-course, which was not noticed until the horsemen were within a few rods of her. They shouted loudly, but to no purpose. Old Brindle was determined to maintain her position at all hazards, and paid no attention to the warning. Three of the party checked their horses and passed to the right of the obstruction, but the other who evidently had been practicing hurdle-jumping, kept his steed in a direct course for the cow, and was safely carried over her back, much to the chagrin of his companions. It was resolved that he had accomplished a daring feat, that he had shown greater proficiency in his profession than the others, and that his intrepid deportment was worthy a champagne supper, which was subsequently furnished and dispatched in a manner agreeable to all the participants.



A PHOSPHORUS ACCIDENT.

A Bear on a Rampage.

A novel and exciting foot-race recently occurred in the vicinity of Boston, which, owing to its impromptu character, was only witnessed by a small though appreciative company. The particulars of the case show that a full-grown bear, belonging to an itinerant showman, while being drawn to the city in his cage, managed to escape. Finding himself freed from the restraints of chains and bars, Master Bruin snuffed the air of freedom, gave a growl that was clear in tone and full of expression, and started off to reconnoitre his position. His attention was first directed to a bonded warehouse near by, into which he rushed with the complacency of a special revenue inspector. Seeing nothing there that suited his fancy, he sauntered lazily out the door, and began taking an exterior survey of the building. A clerk, supposing some huge package had been secretly spirited away to avoid the payment of storage, started in pursuit, and on reaching the sidewalk, saw, to his consternation, that the mysterious movement had been made by the bear, who stood before him rolling his



ACCIDENT AT SOMERS, N. Y.

eyes in a frightful manner and working his jaw as if anticipating a delicate morsel for breakfast. The thought of a moment was put into action, and the clerk, gathering the skirts of his coat about him and shouting "Murder!" dashed off as rapidly as a pair of double-length legs would permit. The bear noticed the manoeuvre, accepted the challenge, and started after the clerk on a full run. In the meantime, a policeman, the showman, and the bear's keeper arrived on the ground, equipped with revolvers, clubs and stout ropes. Some citizens, attracted by the screams, rushed to the spot, and realizing the terrible situation the young man was in, joined in the chase after the bear. As the excitement became more intense, and the bear gained rapidly upon him, the clerk showed signs of fatigue, and it was feared he would fall a prey to the voracious animal, in spite of his swiftness of foot. After many fruitless attempts to wound the bear, his keeper succeeded in throwing a slip noose around his neck, and brought his rampage to a sudden conclusion. The spectators soon surrounded the clerk, and congratulated him upon his wonderful escape.

Phosphorus Accident.

Mr. John Snow, of Newburg, N. Y., not being well versed in chemistry, met with an accident lately of such

a peculiar nature that it deserves record here to prevent a similar occurrence. Having been much troubled with rats about his house and barn, and having read a receipt for poisoning them in which phosphorus was an ingredient, he purchased some of the article, put it in his wagon along with the rest of his goods, and started home. The phosphorus became ignited by spontaneous combustion, and set the wagon on fire, severely, if not fatally burning, Mr. Snow. Phosphorus should be carried in a bottle full of water, and well corked. Any accident that exposes it to the atmosphere will set it on fire.

Accident at Somers, Westchester County, New York.

Between the town of Somers, and Purdy's Station, on the Harlem Railroad, about fifty miles from New York city, there is a bridge over a stream crossing the wagon road which is in a very insecure condition. As Mr. Purdy was driving from the station to his home in Somers a few days before Christmas, he drove too close to the edge of the bridge, and topped over, horse, sleigh, and all, to the river below, on which, luckily, snow lay so deep that neither he nor the horse were seriously injured. It is time that the authorities of Westchester County build a high parapet to this bridge to prevent further accident.

THE WIND-RIDER.

A SORCERER was once violently enraged against a young servant man. Full of anger he went to his house, stuck a sharp knife into the threshold, and uttered this spell:

"Seven years shall this clown ride on the rough fleet wind, and be blown through the world."

As the young fellow was turning over the hay-rows in his meadow, a violent blast of wind blew them about, and raised himself in the air. He grasped at the hedge, and then at the trees, but could not stop himself, and the wind blew him on and on.

On the wings of the storm he flew like a wild pigeon, and his feet no more touched the earth. The sun went down, and he saw the gray curling smoke rise from the chimneys of his native village, and he felt the sharp pangs of hunger. He kicked out his feet, he cried, and he wept. All in vain! no one heard his cries, no one saw his tears.

And so he rode the wind three moons, tormented with hunger and thirst, till he came to resemble a withered apple. At last the gale drove him toward the village where he was born.

With tears in his eyes he looked down on the house where his master and his sweetheart lived. He saw her coming out with some loaves in a basket. In vain he stretched his withered hands toward her, in vain he cried out her name. His weak voice hardly passed his lips, and she never cast a look upward.

He flew on. The sorcerer stood at his door looking at him, and cried out in a mocking tone, "Seven years shall you continue to ride the wind over this village, to suffer all torments, but not die."

"Oh, father, if I once offended you, forgive me. See, my lips are hard, my face, my hands are nothing but dry bones, take pity on my sufferings."

The sorcerer muttered something, and the young man saw him fly toward him, and rest in one spot in the air near him.

"It is well that you regret what you did to me. What will you give me if I release you from your punishment?"

"Anything you ask," said the young man, folding his hands, and kneeling in the cloud.

"Resign your true love to me to be my wife, and you shall again touch the earth."

The youth hesitated, but he thought to himself, "Let me first regain the earth, and I shall find means to disappoint him."

So he answered the sorcerer, "You ask a great thing from me, but I cannot help myself—be it so!"

The sorcerer muttered a charm, and the young man came to the ground. Oh, it was great joy when he felt the firm land under him, and found himself out of the fierce blast of the storm.

As fast as he could, he made his way to the farmer's, and met his true love on the threshold. She cried out for joy when she saw him after lamenting him so long. He put her back with his withered hands, and stepped into the room where the farmer was sitting on his chair, his master, whom he had served so long, and striving to stop his tears, he thus spoke to him:

"I can no longer serve you, and your daughter I may not marry. I shall love her for ever, and she is as dear to me as my eyes, but she cannot be mine."

The old man was astonished. He looked at his bleached and thin face, and saw on it the marks of suffering, and he asked him why he refused his daughter's hand.

So the poor fellow told about his riding on the wind, and the promise made to the sorcerer. When all was said, the farmer bade him be of good cheer, and taking a bag full of money in his hand, he set off to visit a wise man.

He came back by evening, and he spoke cheerfully to the boy. "To-morrow morning, as soon as it is light, go to the wise man, and he will tell you what to do; all will turn out well."

The weary boy slept on a bed that night, the first time for three months. However, he was off at break of day to the house of the wise man.

He found him busily engaged at his hearth, throwing herbs into the fire, and he was directed to remain quiet in a corner. It was a hot morning, and suddenly such a storm arose as made the house shake.

The wise man then took the boy out into the yard, and bade him look up. He did so, and what did he see but the wicked sorcerer with nothing but a shirt on him, flying round in a circle.

"There is your enemy," said he. "He can do you no more harm. If you wish him to be a looker-on at your wedding, do what I am about to tell you."

The boy joyfully returned home, and a month after he was holding his marriage feast. When the guests were all dancing, he went out into the yard, and looking up he saw the sorcerer flying round in a circle. He had a sharp pointed knife in his hand; and after taking good aim, he darted it up into the foot of the villain, who then fell, and was obliged to stand all night outside the window of the room in which they were dancing.

He was not there in the morning, but some neighbors said they saw him flying over the sea with a flock of crows and ravens before and behind and at each side of him, proclaiming with their croakings the endless flight of their wicked master.

WHEN engaged on any particular subject, Balzac generally shut himself up in his study, declining to receive visitors, or even open letters, for a month at a time, working generally at the rate of eighteen hours per day. During this time he lived moderately. In the evening, at eight o'clock, after a light repast, he retired to rest, but rose at two in the morning, put on his peculiar working-dress, in summer a long white robe like those worn by the Dominicans, his slippers were of red morocco, richly adorned with gold, and his robe was girt round his waist with a long chain of Venetian gold, to which was suspended a rich golden paper-knife and pair of scissors. He would sit at his table, writing in solitude till six o'clock, then he took his bath and rested an hour; at eight o'clock his valet brought him a cup of coffee, which he drank without sugar. Between eight and nine he had a short interview with his publisher, to receive proofs or deliver copy, as the case may be; then he wrote till midday. His breakfast, which he took at that hour, consisted almost always of nothing but fresh eggs, cooked on

slices of bread, and he drank water, but finished with one more cup of coffee without sugar. From one o'clock to six his pen traveled swiftly over the sheets of paper without intermission. Then he dined, still very simply, drinking only a small glass of his favorite wine, Vin de Vouvray. From seven to eight he entertained his visitors, and then retired. After one, and sometimes two months of this monastic seclusion and hard labor, he would come out into the light of day with hollow cheeks, a dark circle round his eyes, pale and stooping. The man was drawing largely upon his vitality; writing books with his blood.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

AN old bachelor, who had become melancholy and peevish, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he should

"rest calmly within a shroud,"
With a weeping widow by my side,"
but, to his inexpressible horror, it came out in print:
"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,"
With a weeping widow by my side."

THE mayor of a small seaport town, ordering a reward for the recovery of the remains of a drowned man, enumerated among the recognizable marks that the lamented had a "marked impediment in his speech."

WHY was Eve the first ritualist convert? Because she began by being evangelical and ended by adopting vestments.

WOMEN often kiss each other when they had rather bite off each other's noses.

WHY is a father's nose like a well-trained child? Because it is always under a parent's eye.

DURING the performance of the "Lady of Lyons" at Salt Lake City Theatre, an aged Mormon arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, angrily stating that he wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a tawdry fuss over one woman.

A JOLLY bachelor having long admired a very beautiful young lady, made a point of always giving her for his toast. Being once told it was time to change it, he replied:
"I believe it is, for though I have been toasting her for these twenty years, I have not been able to make her Brown yet."

WHEN is a blacksmith in danger of raising a row? When he makes a poke at and shoves a

REFERRING to the short days and dull time, a merchant avers that the days are long enough for all the business there is.

DURING the recent political campaign in Massachusetts, an indolent fellow who had been urged to sign the pledge, replied:
"I am violently opposed to ardent spirits as a beverage, but for manufacturing purposes I think a little of it tastes good."

A Frenchman who had purchased a country seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden.

"Set some traps," said an officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within 200 miles. I hung a pair of earrings and a collar upon a tree and the next morning I found two women in the branches."

If a bottle of ginger pop weighs one pound and a half, how much will your grandpop weigh?

It is said that the author of "Rally Round the Flag" has gone into the flag-stone business, and instead of rallying round the flag, he now flags around the alley.

A MAN who lives in Pittsburg, and gains a living by his wits, recently fastened bristles to the tail of a rat and sold the reconstructed animal for a squirrel.

A WRITER, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says "that he always takes notice, even of a straw, especially if there happens to be a sherry cobbler at one end of it."

"Do draw up the curtain, mother," said a little child from her trundle bed, "for I want the eyes of heaven to keep watching me all night. If I wake up I love to look at them; if I don't wake up they still look at me."

A ZEALOUS swain who had made up his mind to propose to a young lady, carried his resolution into effect. The lady, with some hesitation, replied: "I am partially engaged, but mother wants to marry."

THERE are few moments in a man's existence when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat.

WHY is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

A DAY or two since, in one of the trains from Boston, a quiet individual, sitting by the stove in one of the passenger cars, drew forth a bottle and commenced laving his hands with the contents. The day was very cold, and the neighborhood of the stove was crowded. One old man watched the bottle-holder's operations with great interest, and finally asked him what kind of stuff he was using.

"Glycerin," replied the quiet man.

"Glycerin!—thunder!" and the old man rushed for the door.

Others caught up the word, and they all rushed into the adjoining cars, leaving our glycerin friend to soothe his chapped hands at his leisure.

WHEN is a lawyer one of the most wonderful of human beings? When he stands and lies at the same time.

A FORLORN fellow thus says, plaintively: "When Bally's arms her dog imprison, I always wish my neck was his; how often would I stop and turn to get a pat from a hand like her'n; and when she kisses Tower's nose, ho! don't I wish I were those?"

WHY should young ladies make good rifle volunteers? Because they are accustomed to "bare arms."

A DOMESTIC, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it, Michael, that these boots are not the same length?"

"I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is that the pair down-stairs are in the same fix."

THE following letter was written by a father to his son in college:

"MY DEAR SON—I write to send you your socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I have kept back half and only send you five. Your mother and I are well; except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

WHY is a married man, with a family of small children, like a sailor at sea? Because he is on the look-out for squalls.

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642-44

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OF THE

Union Pacific Railroad

Running West from Omaha
ACROSS THE CONTINENT,
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This brings the line to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, and it is expected that the track will be laid thirty miles further, to Evans Pass, the highest point on the road, by January. The maximum grade from the foot of the mountains to the summit is but eighty feet to the mile, while that of many eastern roads is over one hundred. Work in the rock-cuttings on the western slope will continue through the winter, and there is now no reason to doubt that the entire grand line to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870.

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The United States also makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, which will be a source of large revenue to the Company. Much of this land in the Platte Valley is among the most fertile in the world, and other large portions are covered with heavy pine forests and abound in coal of the best quality.

The Company is also authorized to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to an amount equal to the issue of the Government and no more. Hon. E. D. Morgan and Hon. Oakes Ames are Trustees for the Bondholders, and deliver the Bonds to the Company only as the work progresses, so that they always represent an actual and productive value.

The authorized capital of the Company is One Hundred Million Dollars, of which over five millions have been paid in upon the work already done.

EARNINGS OF THE COMPANY.

At present, the profits of the Company are derived only from its local traffic, but this is already much more than sufficient to pay the interest on all the Bonds the Company can issue, if not another mile were built. It is not doubted that when the road is completed the through traffic of the only line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States will be large beyond precedent, and, as there will be no competition, it can always be done at profitable rates.

It will be noticed that the Union Pacific Railroad is, in fact, a Government Work, built under the supervision of Government officers, and to a large extent with Government money, and that its bonds are issued under Government direction. It is believed that no similar security is so carefully guarded, and certainly no other is based upon a larger or more valuable property. As the Company's

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JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, New York.

November 23, 1867. 642-44

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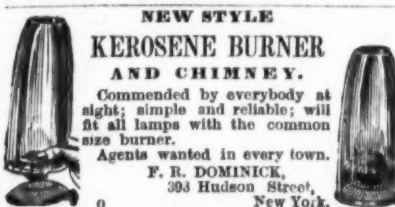
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